# The Indian Ladies' Magazine

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## A RESOLVE FOR THE NEW YEAR

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope. Remember,
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of Promise, forgetting
Whatever the Past held of sorrow or wrong.
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining.
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next.
Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder their lining.
Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a text.
As each year hurries by, let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the Past,
While you take your place in the line of Progression,
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And, instead of regretting, resolve, resolve.
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled,
For see how the light of the New year is gilding
The wan, worn face of the bruised old world.

R. W. WILCOX

# CHRISTMAS

The festival, which bears the name of Christmas, is near upon us and in every part of the world there will be little groups of people, probably in every one of the 71 nations into which the world is divided, especially of children, who wake up early in the morning to be the first to give their time-honoured greeting of "a happy X'mas." Many of the latter will hang up their empty stockings for Father X'mas, coming down the open chimney, to fill with gifts. Others will go to the breakfast table and see an empty chair and a place at table laid for a guest; and, asking who is to be the visitor, will be told: "It is for the Christ-Child; it is His birthday; His presence, not in the flesh, but in the spirit, will add to our X'mas joy; so we put a chair for Him—." In India to-day, where Christianity has quietly become the third religion of the land, there will be many such greetings; some for the first time waking up to know what the joy of Christmas Day is. The remarkable thing of Christian joy is that its symbol is "giving, not receiving;" *Christmas* gifts have been prepared in factories and shops so cheap that all may share in them and little children learn through their earliest recollections that the coming of JESUS CHRIST into this world of sin and sorrow contains the promise of everlasting joy, because it is the memory of a life revealing the love of God and the life which cannot die. So Christmas, in the Christian year of commemoration, is followed in a few months by the celebration of the Resurrection. EASTER commemorates and renews all the promises of the birth of JESUS; while Whitsuntide, the third feast of commemoration, brings the experience of the two celebrations into every life, young or old, through the holy spirit.

But, there is something deeper than childish joy and pleasure-giving present in the celebration of Christmas; the world, to-day more than ever, is torn by faction, by jealousy, by enmity, by commercial antagonisms, by racial animosities, by international mistakes. As we read our paper on that Saturday, when Germany walked out of the League of Nations, as Japan did some months back, we felt that East and West were kindred, and the thoughts of many of us went back to the Angels' Christmas song, which like many songs has still to be translated into life—"Peace on Earth."

If only the world had understood this message, if only the science of the twentieth century had transmuted the hates of human nature into love and turned the thoughts of humanity into channels of peace, instead of training the best of our young men to use their sinews and their brains for war, then indeed we should have seen different things to-day.

Has Christmas then no message? Can we not wish each other a happy, if not a merry, X'mas? Is there no hope for better times? Can women not stand out in the name of peace to forbid the slaughter, for which men of science and politicians seem to be preparing the world? What can be done?

Some of the sciences are teaching us that it is not physical force alone that rules the world; there is soul-force, there is thought-force, which can change things. To use such forces, we must train ourselves and train our children not to bow down to past opinions, not only to pass on time-honoured constitutions because they have dominated past actions, but also to think new thoughts and have a new faith in the power of thought. Then we, women, shall not necessarily hold to old standards; but, carrying on such methods, we shall mould to-day's thinking to higher ideals of what is right or wrong, what is just or unjust, and we shall seek to make our menfolk do the same.

There is a message of peace still in Christmas, however much it is unattended to by men or nations. It is God's message to the world, because "God so loved the world as to give His Son, that whosoever believeth" may have new life with new ideas and a new power to carry them out. Will every one of our readers do their best to think out these facts, and to discuss them with their friends with as much earnestness as they do the borders of their saries? Some one told C. F. Andrews that he ought to have called his new book "Christ in the Storm", instead of "Christ in the Silence", to which he replied truly: "My reply is that Christ's silent presence ought to be felt even in the most stormy days. But I know fully well, that, just in these very trials, great and small alike, lies the supreme test as to whether the inward peace which is in my own heart is genuine and comes from Christ Himself, or is just a transitory mood."

Many of us feel with C. F. Andrews that peace is no human attainment, but is a Christmas gift and the key-note, which, once struck in our hearts, does ring on, although "fighting within and fears without" may perturb sometimes. Like all God's gifts it has to be taken with empty hands and empty hearts, so that it may fill us. It is so beautifully true, that it is something "the world can neither give nor take away." Christmas "peace passes understanding", but does not pass possession, and its experience transmutes life.

So, in wishing readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine a happy Christmas, I am making no idle greeting, but directing troubled and puzzled hearts to an ever new source of consolation.

EMILY KINNAIRD.

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# TO THE EVENING STAR

When sunlight lingered near the horizon,
  You came to me with silent steps of love,
Like an enraptured girl, and kissed my brow;
  You spread your mantle white about my face,
You looked into mine eyes with craving eyes,
  You smiled thro' tears and caressed me with sighs.
But, when I ope'd my arms to you, you rose
  As if offended, walked across the blue,
Still turning back, and sought in th' sea repose.
  I waited thro' the dewy night for you,
But then weary with despair fell asleep.
  When in the morning in my slumber deep
You kissed me, I thought it was a dream embrace,
  And you, ere I could ope mine eyes, were gone!

SUSI P. DAVID.

# IDEALISM OF INDIAN WOMEN

I was greatly interested in the article in the *Mahratta* from the pen of Mrs. Lakshmi Menon about the *Ideals of Indian womanhood*. She complained that the reality of the Indian woman is lost in the idealism of her, which has come down to us from remote ages. One agrees with her somewhat in this view. "The ideal of Indian womanhood as held forth by these is something like the German scholar's concept of an Indian woman. To him every Indian woman is a Sakuntala come to life, and he is gloriously ignorant of the realities—the grim, gruff, grotesque realities that make the Indian woman in being a somewhat different one from the ideal."

The ideal is certainly useless, unless the real approaches it in some measure at least. There is no use of treating woman as a goddess. She is only human, and all the dearer because she is human. "There is as much of the common clod in her as in everything else in Nature, that lives and grows, and what she needs from her father, husband, brother and friend is not adoration, worship and faith, but affection, love, co-operation and sympathy. In fact she demands nothing more or less than justice, fairness and equality. She wants an equal share of freedom, sunshine and fresh air, which would make her fit to bear her responsibilities and duties as a citizen and as a social unit. In other words, she demands her right, the right of every being, to be treated in a human and humane way."

However, in the first place, an ideal is never eulogised without a purpose. It is generally meant to be worked out in life. And, where can there ever be an actuality, without theorising? We all know that social reform becomes practicable, only after the education of public opinion by theories. In the same way, a woman can achieve advance, only by contemplating the ideal.

Then again, when one talks of Sita, Sakuntala, or Droupadi, one does not expect the Indian woman to be a "combination of all our epic heroines", or "a marvellous receptacle of Puranic virtues." By no means. One expects her to be an ordinary, substantial, living woman, who tries her best to be *somewhat* like the ideals shown to her. Were not Sita, Savitri and Droupadi characters of every-day life? They were not ethereal beings, but just human women, victimised by circumstances, caught in the toils of sin, yet so steadfast and true that they eventually worked out their own happiness. They had many faults too. If one reads the epics carefully, one is aware of them. Sita, for instance, was the cause of the Ramayana war; it was her selfish but human desire for the golden deer, which made her husband follow it; it was her impulsive unreasonableness, her fretful impatience, her lack of faith in her husband, which forced her protector Lakshmana to follow Rama and leave her unguarded for Ravana to capture. Take Droupadi again; she grumbled always like a very woman at her trials, at the insults offered her, at the privations she had to undergo in the forest, at the apparent disregard by her husbands of her reputation; we hear her constantly nagging Yuddhistira to fight with the Kurus; we even see her sending Bhima into danger for the sake of a few worthless flowers. With such faults, however, we see the strength of character, which eventually helped her husbands to win victory. We wish the same in our women. They can be as modern as they please; yet they must build their modesty on the Indian tradition. "The sacrifice of Sita, the devotion of Savitri, the endurance of

Droupadi ", must be always a part of their character, even with the new freedom and equality, the new methods of work, the new fashions in physique and costume. And, when we say that Indian women must not forget the traditions of India, we mean especially that they must never go beyond bounds, as is the custom of Western women sometimes.

In the ancient era of India, as in the present one, there were ideals of various kinds. Some were good, others not to be followed. With independent heroines like Sita and Savitri, were mentioned those other characters, virtuous, yet with that utter slavishness which Mrs. Menon deplores. We deplore it with her. We lament the selfish ascendancy and superiority of the man as compared to the woman, the representation of the husband as a god to the woman. But, one must not forget that there are some women who *like* to be subject to man, apart even from their sense of duty. Are there not many Western women like that? Is it not the common saying that women like to be mastered by men? Is it not true that the more rough a man is, the more he is idolized sometimes? Leaving aside even that, we must also go to the root-idea of ancient wifedom, which is the extraordinary chastity of a "Pativrata", who, once she was married, remained true to her husband, and did not find it easy to run after other men or seek divorce, as modern women do. Be it remembered that, slavish though such an attitude seems, it yet was able to cope with the power even of gods and demons.

Perhaps, there is something to complain about the completeness of the sacrifice required in an Indian woman; but surely sacrifice is the supreme code of morality. Sacrifice of self has always been, and always will be, taught to be one of the greatest virtues. And with sacrifice a woman surely can still keep her individuality. Nay, the sacrifice made by different women can be of various kinds, as dictated by their several individualities. But sacrifice must be differentiated from what is called "suppression of self, enforced by custom, conventions, and lack of opportunities." That is not what we require at all, and that was not what was always portrayed in our ancient heroines. They had plenty of individuality indeed. If they were really our ideals, we should know how to meet the present situation. But alas, we have sadly degenerated. And the blame for the backsliding must be laid, not on the impotency of the ancient ideals, but on the customs and conventions, which have supervened and have cramped our mentality, making us a "community of half-slaves." It is obvious that such a state must be changed, if we would have modern women as free as our ancient women, bound, yet free, equal, yet dependent, just as the free will of man is limited in Hindu philosophy by fate and *Karma*.

Complete idealism is not indeed needed, but there is no doubt that idealism itself is a valuable factor of advance.

As Swami Vivekananda said of Sita:

"You may exhaust the literature of the world that is past, and I may assure you, that you will have to exhaust the literature of the future, before finding another Sita. Sita is unique; that character was depicted once for all. There may have been several Ramas perhaps, but never more than one Sita! She is the very type of the true Indian woman, for, all the ideals of a perfected woman have grown out of that one life of Sita; and here she stands these thousands of years, commanding the worship of every man, woman and child, throughout the length and breadth of the land of Aryavarta."

KAMALA.

# A SHORT REVIEW OF AMERICAN MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

**By Eugenia Rives, U.S.A.**

The legal age for marriage in America is twenty-one for a man and eighteen years for a woman. If two people wish to marry before this age, they must secure parental consent. Without this, the marriage is considered illegal and subject to annulment by the parents. These laws hold true throughout the nation, even though there is a difference in some of the states. Most states are lenient and marriage is easily contracted. In fact, it is too easy. If more restrictions were placed upon marriage, divorces would not be so prevalent. The marriage, and not the divorce laws of America, need amending.

Parents have no direct part in the marriages of American youths. Scheming mothers often aid and abet the possibilities of their daughters by lavish entertaining, psychological manoeuvring, and by placing the child in the society of eligible males. It is generally ceded, however, that the young people meet and fall in love.

American courtship is a thing typical of this country. If two people are attracted, the man generally asks the girl's permission to call. If she grants the request, their meeting may mean a number of things, the beginning of a courtship that ends in marriage, the possibility of a life-long friendship. The one date may be the first and last between the two. Often times, there are cases where men tire of one woman and follow the lure of the siren who is gifted in the art of attracting men. The same applies to women.

The lack of parental restrictions and supervision of young people is a bit strange to those who are in the habit of seeing such. Cars and feminine independence have given the American girl an unlimited amount of freedom. She thinks nothing of riding for miles alone with her escort, or meeting him at a public place for an engagement. This regime has given each sex a greater opportunity for a better understanding of the other. Sentimental love is not sufficient for marriage. Modern girls demand a certain economic standard and have no desire to become house-hold drudges. They do not look upon marriage as a life-long contract, unless it measures up to what they expect and demand.

But in the midst of all of the so-called cold calculation of modern youth, there are some idealists who regard marriage as a sacred institution. They marry for altruistic love and strive to live in peace and self-sacrifice for the other. This type of youth, however, is so in the minority that often times deserving members of both sexes are forced to spend their lives in loneliness, because they cannot sacrifice their ideals on the altar of materialism.

When two people have decided they wish to marry, they begin plans for the wedding, which may be held in various settings. Some prefer the elaborate church affair with numerous attendants and great publicity. Others have much the same type, but conduct it in the home. Then, there are the simple church and home weddings where less money is spent. A number of people forego the conventional custom and elope, or go away and marry without divulging their plans. Ministers of the various churches are usually called upon to perform the marriage ceremonies ; but a justice of peace, a country judge, the mayor of a city, the state governor, and the President of the United States, all have the same lawful right.

Two nationally- known elopement towns of America are Marion, Arkansas, and Gretna Green, Kentucky. A glamour of romance and sentiment has sprung up about these places, but records show that many of these elopement marriages end in the divorce courts. More divorces are granted to-day in America than ever before in the history of the nation. Statistics show that one-sixth, or sixteen marriages out of every hundred end in the divorce courts,

This rate is much higher in some places where as many as sixteen per cent. sever the marriage.

Statistics show that 37 per cent. of the divorces are granted during the first five years of marriage. This is because women and men of today refuse to live in compatibility when the divorce courts offer freedom There is no safe age for American marriage. Contracts of forty years duration have been severed. Appalling as divorce figures are, they do not include the number of separations, where no lawful severance has been granted. Cases exist where a successful reuniting has been affected after separation, but the per cent. is about one out of a hundred.

The real and basic causes of divorces are never mentioned in the decree. It is decidedly more genteel to name the well-known reasons of desertion and infidelity than to state the truth.

During the World War, while the feverish intensity of patriotism and the glamour of militarism held sway, many people married. The seriousness of the relationship was lost, as infatuated couples rushed into it. Men felt that they were entitled to as much happiness as possible before facing death. Women were emotional and longed for the romantic. A certain class of females married solely for the purpose of securing the soldiers' monetary allotment.

The reaction of a high emotional tension eventually comes. Such was true of the war marriages Cultured men and women found themselves bound to creatures of grossness, idealists to materialists, practical to impractical, brilliant to mediocre, amiable to acrimonious, mental to physical, and broad-minded to dogmatic bigots. The divorce court was the solution.

Chief among the causes of America divorces is that of youthful marriages and a lack of preparation for its responsibilities. American youth is well-educated for its professional life. Years of study are necessary before admission is granted. Yet, marriage is entered into hastily without any serious thought or preparation. Since marriage is a partnership dependent upon most rigid regulations, intensive training for its success is necessary.

The freedom of American living has had a tendency to separate people. Husbands are away from home attending to business. Wives are employed with social affairs and are often away from home a number of months in the year. These separations tend to lessen the marriage bond. Husbands seek companionship among other women. Wives become interested in play-boys, who are unencumbered with business cares and have the time to amuse them. A gradual misunderstanding increases until there is no compatibility between the two people, who started life together with the intention of remaining lovers forever.

American homes have experienced a gradual breaking down since the era of the automobile and the picture show. People have forgotten how to spend an evening at home, engaged in worth-while reading. Young people demand excitement and crowd the theatres and highways in an attempt to capture it. Parents are engrossed with social obligations, which take them away from their children Home is a place to keep cloths in and sleep. It is no longer a place to eat in, because public clubs, restaurants, and lunch counters afford ample opportunities for procuring food.

America as a nation is one of material ideals, where real idealism is derided and despised. Young people have learned to cloak their altruism and live in a hardened world, where no one may see beneath the surface. They adopt the slogan, "A short life and a merry one," and live accordingly. At heart they are fundamentally sound, but modern living has forced them to adopt this code in order to survive. They have learned that money, not only talks, but gives them entrance into the material world that is the goal of the majority. This materialism and lack of idealism has had its effect upon marriage. Men, who are faultlessly honest in their business dealings, often lie to their wives, while the latter in return deceive their mates.

Marriages of varied social stratas often end disastrously, because the variance in positions builds up a misunderstanding which soon amounts to disgust and repugnance. It is impossible for marriage to continue when such a condition exists.

A lack of understanding and sympathy for the rights and privileges of others often leads to a strained tension which dissipates marital happiness. Husbands lose themselves in business and forget those little attentions that women cherish above treasures. Wives become engrossed in their children and in social activities to the extent of excluding their husband except for the purpose of furnishing money.

When a divorce has been decided upon, either party may start proceedings. The age-old chivalrous trait in men prompts them to grant the wife the privilege, but if she refuses he may go ahead and file a suit. The 1930 statistics show an equal number of men and women making applications for divorces.

The first step in a divorce proceeding is securing the services of a lawyer. He files the petition for a certain number of days before the convening of the chancery court. When court convenes, he presents the case before the judge. If both parties appear in court, the case is termed as collusion and unlawful ; it therefore is thrown out. If the case proceeds according to law and is uncontested by either party, the judge grants the decree and the couple is no longer married.

There are no universal divorce laws in America. Each state has its own. Some have capitalized on their laws and consider the divorce mill one of their chief business enterprises. Reno, Nevada, and Hot Springs, Arkansas, are the two outstanding divorce colonies of the country. Each place caters to the trade and has added attractions to lure prospective clients for the necessary resident periods. Traditions have sprung up around these towns, reporters have gathered material for feature stories, and sight-seers include them in their tours. Every American knows of Hot Springs and Reno.

A leniency in the divorce laws of Arkansas and Nevada is the cause of the amount of business in these two states. A person may stay in Nevada for six weeks and in Arkansas for ninety days and be considered a citizen. It is easier and more economical for people to establish residence in either of these states than to remain at home and attempt to overcome the restrictions.

Nevada recognizes practically any charge as a cause for divorce. Arkansas refuses to admit that incompatibility is a legal cause. Desertion for one year without a reasonable cause, impotency of either party at the time of marriage, a former husband or wife at marriage, drunkenness, cruel and inhuman treatment, and adultery are the lawful causes for marriage severance in the state of Arkansas.

The case must come to court in the county where the complaintant resides. Allegations must be proven to have occurred in the state, or be a legal cause in the state where the offence took place. The cause must have existed within the five-year period before the filing of the suit. If the parties have lived together after the offence has been committed, it is a sign of forgiveness and no grounds for divorce can be established.

Most women who sue for divorce apply for alimony, especially if there are children. The amount demanded is based upon the man's income. Several cases are on record, where men have sued successfully for alimony, but these instances are very rare.

The greatest tragedy of the divorce mills is the innocent child. A child denied the privilege of both parents' love is cheated of its birthright. Satistics show that children of divorced parents are greater social problems than those reared in a congenial home atmosphere. If parents could realize the intense suffering children endure, perhaps they would surrender some of their selfish desires.

Attempting a complete analysis of American marriage and divorce is a task psychologists have not wholly succeeded in accomplishing. Marriages will be broken and the divorce mill fed with its quota of marital wreckage, until American youth is trained for the great responsibility of marriage and enters into it with a spirit of sacrifice and godly idealism.

# EDITOR'S NOTES

## (1) Peace

The approach of Christmas, when was born the Prince of Peace, accentuates the efforts being made everywhere for a world-settlement. The teaching of Christ, as based wholly on the principle of love, comes as a challenge to modern generations, "heightening our moral sensitiveness", to such an extent that war with all its horrors seems somehow impossible to true progress; and such a feeling is not the effect of sentimentalism, but the gradual evolution of human consciousness and human growth.

At the Chicago Women's Congress, a trumpet call was sounded for "a world-understanding and a peace that will rest on the unshakable foundation of a natural understanding and trust between nations." In former days, such a peace seemed impossible; but now the world has become very small by means of the many methods of inter-communication. We see that pain, disease, poverty, crime, sorrow, are common to all the world. Joy and happiness and good must bow to the same law, and all barriers separating races and nations should be levelled away.

In this great work, women can accomplish much more than men. We see this by the agitation now going on among the women of the West for world-disarmament and peace. Some people, like Lord Raglan, have said that "women are apt to be more ferocious than men", for they see usually but their own view of a question. This charge, however, is all to the good, for it speaks of the blind loyalty of a woman to her cause. If then women see the real need for peace, great will be their efforts in favour of it. Indeed most women hate war, which means the loss of their loved men. To every rule, however, there must be an exception; and the exception here is the idea of some women that war means the satisfaction of honour, and the culmination of duty. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more", sang the old poet. It was thought to be honourable for fathers, husbands, brothers and sons to be killed for the sake of the country. Now, it is being discovered that it is no honour for one nation to destroy another even for the sake of an ideal; but that true honour is to seek to accomplish that ideal by the paths of peace.

War has been lauded and advocated. It has not accomplished anything spiritual, nor has it satisfied the world-mind. Destruction and disunion have resulted from it, not construction and unity. It remains for peace to show what it can do, in the way of good building-up. As Nicholes Roerich said in *Stri-Dharma*, "Who, if not women, must now rise and unite in the name of culture and the beautiful? Because it was precisely a woman who was destined to be the first to proclaim the Resurrection.

To enumerate all that was accomplished and inspired by women would mean to describe the history of the world. It we speak about the bringing of the beautiful into the whole fulness of life, if we know that the predestined evolution rests upon the corner-stones of beauty and knowledge; then who shall be the most faithful ally and transmitter of these foundations into the depth of human consciousness?

Verily, it is not only the gatherings of women, regretting something or condemning something, which have already become conventional; but the union of women in the valiant, living exchange of all creative possibilities of unity, calling for the realization of the good, through united work, that will give the desired results."

## (2) Misunderstandings between Indian and foreign women

Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi, on her return from her European and American tours, spoke about the interest created in British women by the struggle of Indian women for their rights. She said:—

"We were very much struck with the sincerity, with the earnestness and with the enthusiasm of the British women of all shades of opinion for the Indian women's cause. We had to attend a tea party or a dinner party or luncheon parties almost daily, at each of which there were invariably some informal discussions on our memorandum or short speeches by two or three of us. We found them extraordinarily

energetic, ever courteous, willing, nay, eager on their part to hear our point of view. The London Committee of the Women's Indian Association—an active and intelligent body of Indian and European women—has done much propaganda on our behalf. Miss Rathbone, the able energetic woman M.P., and an ardent feminist, had taken enormous trouble in collecting statistics of child-marriage, maternal and infantile mortality and prepared a memorandum embodying the above statistics and pointing out how the Government, both British and Indian, had failed to look after the health of the mothers and children, the primary concern of any civilised Government. Again, twelve British women associations had submitted a memorandum urging an enlarged women electorate and a larger representation of women in the future Indian legislatures."

This naturally is very pleasant hearing; one likes to think that a general interest for their own sex exists among women of different nationalities. Yet still, as the same Dr. Reddi said, there is much misrepresentation, caused by one-sided books like *Mother India* and *Purdah.* "The common people of England are thoroughly ignorant of Indian conditions. The only information that they get is through the interested British press, through speeches at party meetings and through reading of sensational books." This is quite true. It is a pity indeed that foreign writers are now thinking it right to write about Indian conditions, after only a short acquaintance with them, perhaps through interested parties, who wish to flatter them; perhaps through missionaries who naturally come in touch with the darker side of India, perhaps through Anglicised Indians, who are for ever craving for their foreign "homes." As ***Purdahnashin*** writes in the *Indian Review* :—

"Any interference by Western writers will certainly be more of a hindrance than a help. They can never really understand our home and social life, even though they may marry here and live amongst us. Their comments are bound to be tinged with either contempt or pity, and they will therefore be of no help to Indian people. If these women (or men) are really well-intentioned and are genuinely interested in our advancement, they must realise that they can best help us by resisting the temptation to pry into our nooks and corners and discuss in cold print anything that may seem unpleasant to their Western eyes."

Purdah is one of the customs misunderstood by outsiders. Now this custom is not one which conduces to national welfare; and no educated woman can defend it as deserving to be continued. Still, there are depths within depths, and it is good to see the point of view of the other side. *Purdahnashin* who has been in seclusion herself, tells us that purdah women do not lie under "the pall of a deep, degraded slumber." They take a keen interest in public affairs, and they are able to take part in the life of their country, even though they are behind the veil. That this is true is proved by the noble sovereignty and the capable statesmanship exhibited by many purdah rulers of India. "Perhaps because an Indian woman is shy, modest and retiring and does not skip, dance or flirt, she appears to a Western woman to be in a state of degraded slumber. We may not be as advanced as the modern women of the West. The author of ***Purdah*** is right when she states that more than in the case of other people, 'the Indian woman's development has its root in, is now feeling after, and will continue to express itself withi , the currents of the ancient, exalted, religious and ethical conceptions of her race.' For this very reason the Western woman with her practical, business-like mind can never really understand the Indian woman. I cannot accept her explanation of the Indian attitude towards woman as 'ma' the mother. In my opinion, the attitude of even the husband to the wife, or the father to the daughter, typifies the very innate and strong respect for women which Indians in all ages have had. It has no relation to the 'physical mother.'"

Another subject of misunderstanding is the restriction of Indian girls in choosing their husbands. This custom again to educated minds savours of a backward age; but there are many people in India—nay, the majority—who are happy in it. A Begum writes, "So many of your marriages end in divorce and so many of your women prefer clothes and parties to a home. Among the Muslims of India, marriages are always arranged by parents. This may sound unromantic and even shocking, but such marriages are usually a success. Once married, the chances of friction are cut down to a minimum. Each partner in the marriage has well-defined rights and duties and each is determined to make the best of things. How many quarrels begin, because husbands want an

evening at the club or theatre alone and their wives feel hurt? In India, a husband leaves his wife at home as a matter of course. She would not dream of accompanying him anywhere in public. She has the consolation of knowing that he cannot spend the evening with someone else's wife or daughter, as he seldom has the opportunity of meeting those ladies."

Then, there is the question of work. The foreigner often thinks that the Indian woman usually has nothing to occupy herself with all day ; but, as the Begum states, there is plenty for her to do. "Actually the average Indian housewife leads a busier life than the English woman of the same class. For one thing she would not think of turning her children over to a nurse. From their earliest years she cares for them herself. Even if she keeps a staff of servants and a *chef*, she supervises the kitchen and on most days cooks special dishes for her husband and children. This custom goes back to the days of the great Moghul Empresses. Indian women, however highly placed, never considered household work beneath their dignity. Dress occupies a smaller place in the life of Indian women that it does in that of Europeans. Education for women is not nearly so new in the East as in the West. When the Muslim civilisation was at its highest, women received exactly the same education as their brothers, and it is laid down by Islam as a solemn duty on all to give women an equal education."

Sometimes, the Indian misunderstands the foreigner. Here is what Swami Vivakanada said of the American girl :—"I should very much like our women to have your (American women's) intellectuality, but not if it must be at the cost of purity. I admire you for all that you know, but I dislike the way that you cover what is bad with roses and call it good. Intellectuality is not the highest good. Morality and spirituality are the things for which we strive. Our women are not so learned, but they are more pure. To all women, every man, save her husband, should be as her son. To all men, every woman, save his own wife, should be as his mother. When I look about me and see what you call gallantry, my soul is filled with disgust. Not until you learn to ignore the question of sex and to meet on a ground of common humanity, will your women really develop. Until then they are playthings, nothing more. All this is the cause of divorce. Your men bow low and offer a chair, but in another breath they offer compliments. They say, 'Oh, Madam, how beautiful are your eyes! What right have they to do this? How dare a man venture so far, and how can you women permit it? Such things develop the less noble side of humanity. They do not tend to noble ideals."

Now, everyone knows that there is much to be said in favour of the modern woman, which will present quite another aspect to that of the Swami's statement. But there it is. There are two sides to every question ; and what is needed is that each side should understand and try to make allowances for the other. Dr. Reddi mentions two English ladies, who were glad to see her point of view. They said :—"We enjoyed your company, we found you better than we thought you were, and you also must have found us better than what you thought we were."

A give and take is indeed greatly needed.

## (3) Birth-Control

The controversy now going on around the suggestion of Government to provide clinics for birth-control, will find an echo both in its *pros* and *cons* in the hearts of many, who will not care to come forward with their arguments. The great mass of such will be the women of India. It is the custom to regard them as down-trodden and under the absolute power of their men. The advocates of birth-control are obviously those who favour such an attitude. Indeed, has the inference ever suggested itself to anyone that those, who speak so much of the good effects of birth-control, seem to obviate altogether the share of women in the matter. Do they not seem to think that women are hopeless creatures in one of two ways, viz., either as altogether lacking self-control, or as completely wanting in will? Both such views ought not to be allowed by our advanced women, at this stage of their equality-claiming with men. I commend to them, therefore, this problem.

I confess that the suggestion to establish clinics came to me as a great shock. I felt just as the Rev. G. H. Lamb did, who wrote from Tanjore thus about birth-control : "All that is best in me rises up in moral revolt against this monstrous perversion of modern medical science." It was bad enough when birth-control was advocated in private. It is worse now that it is to be dragged into public usage. As Mr. Cotelingam wrote in the Madras Mail :—"Any

help given in hospitals or aided by Government will tend to destroy the finer instincts of the Indian home."

The majority of Indian mothers regard mother-hood as a blessing. I once commented rather unfavourably on the size of the family of rather a poor but educated lady The reply was given with shocked surprise; "God has given us the children. How can we complain?" Is it easy, or is it right, to teach such people otherwise?

Birth-control is advocated for the sake of Indian women. This is the best argument that can be advanced in its favour. It is certainly sad to see the thousands of weak and ailing Indian mothers, with innumerable children hanging on to them. In this way, therefore, some Indian women may welcome birth-control. I heard one young Brahmin mother advising a young Christian girl not to get married early. "Look at me," she said, "I am so young, and I have so many children. What will happen as I grow older?" Another argument for birth-control is that it will teach the necessary principles to the illiterate. At present, it is they who do not cater for it; and so their numbers are increasing, as opposed to the lessening of the families of the more cultured, who naturally know more about birth-control. Thus, the nation is apt to degenerate gradually. Added to this, is the argument of course that correct teaching will obviate dangerous abuses. Yet, with all such good reasons, birth-control seems unsuited to India. Is it not self-control that is more necessary? I like to think that such a great soul as Mahatma Gandhi is against birth-control. The only control needed is self-control, according to him. After all, is not birth-control of the very earth, earthly? Does it not argue in a way that people have more body than soul in them, more materialism than spiritualism? And is it not wrong to encourage such ideals? That this is so is attested by the fact that so many religions are against birth-control, indeed never thought of it.

With self-control should go education, not by means of clinics, but through moral teaching. It is an encouraging fact that such education has already accomplished something. Families are growing smaller even where birth-control has not been practised. There is a great deal of good, no doubt, that will result from birth-control; but there are many evils also. In the very first place is its adaptability to immorality. Who is to prevent the latter, and how?

Then again, birth-control is against nature. And as such, who knows what new diseases will follow in its train? It is said that it may even harm the health of the mother, in which case the good of it will be neutralised. The medical aspect of the question may, however, be left safely in the hands of medical men. With regard to the economic aspect, a late Minister said: "To say that birth-control would solve the problem of infant morality would be a short-sighted view of the whole question. We have certainly not reached the margin of subsistence in this country; we can think of so many ways of procuring more food and providing for our comforts."

Again, there is no need blindly to follow a Western ideal; leaving aside the fact that even in the West some doubts about the advisability of it are being felt. And, in any case, the economic reasons there are different to those in India, for here we have more resources than in other places. Perhaps it is silly and foolish not to be able to chime in with the material requirements, which are so much to the fore now in all places, as the best inducements to national welfare. Yet, one cannot but agree with the Catholics in one of the resolutions passed by them, that they view "with alarm the proposal to establish birth-control clinics, which are subversive of morality, dangerous to the interests and welfare of the State and opposed to the Christian religion."

# IN MAN'S REALM

## KAGAWA

On the pages of history are written every now and then the names of great people; all the world, for instance, knows and honours Queen Victoria, or despises Nero. In the history of religion the same occurs; to take our Christian religion, first comes Peter, then Paul, who have both been immortalised in stone buildings: St. Paul's Cathedral, London, representing one branch of the Christian Church, St. Peter's, Rome, the other: as a Greek preacher remarked, 'there still remains the Apostle of love to be immortalised in stone'— St. John's United Cathedral remains to be built. We have Origin, Clement, Augustine; during the last century in the history of great social changes lived Abraham Lincoln and Wilberforce, who abolished slavery; Josephine Butler who raised morals; in religion, Luther, Calvin, Wesley; in theology, Canon Lindon, Dr. Dale, Forsyth and Fairbairn. It is not that others were not useful in their time; but it happens that a few names live through the centuries. The Roman Church only canonizes saints after death, for the reason that the names must be such as will bear the test of ages. It should be noted that they come from all classes; a saint is not the perquisite of any one community. In India, we have Gokale, Sadhu Sundar Singh, Mahatma Gandhi; in Japan, Kagawa.

The history of this man and of how he came to rise to be one of the leading advisers to the State is one of the extraordinary episodes in modern history; as his biographer says:—"Toyohiko Kagawa still stands at the flood-tide of life. But this flaming spirit, son of the mystic East, his message bursting eruptive and glowing out of the depths of a great heart with his adventurous soul flung out a ringing challenge to the world." Son of an unregenerate father, born out of wedlock, the off-spring of a dancing girl,—he yet from earliest dawn developed a passion for purity. He was born on July 10th 1888. His father legitimised him by adopting him; but his early death left orphaned the boy and his sister, who were sent to the ancestral home, where they were entrusted to the care of their father's neglected wife and of their grand-mother, both of whom treated them with the greatest cruelty. Kagawa was, however, sent to the village school and to the Buddhist Temple to study Confucian classics. He liked school as something to get away from his cruel relatives, but he learned most from the paddy-fields, the culture of silk-worms, and other country pursuits. Later, he was sent to the Boys' Middle School; his mature ways, his refusal to run riot morally were soon a barrier between him and other boys, and in an agony he cried: "Oh, that the ship of life would sink and I could go down with it in peace."

Just at this critical stage, missionaries came into his life; their hearts and homes lifted him from the slough of despond. Above all, their teaching of the Book and the finding of the sympathy and love of JESUS CHRIST, changed his out-look; life took on a new meaning. In 1905, he entered the Presbyterian College, but in the second year he was stricken with tuberculosis and went to an isolated village by the sea to recuperate. By strength of will, he made a partial recovery and went to the Kobi Theological Seminary, until the call came in 1909 to live in the slums of Shinkawar, where he remained doing social Christian work for 14 years, contracting disease as he shared his tiny room, 6 feet by 6 feet, with the most degraded of the people.

We can divide his life into 5 sections:—

### Kagawa as an author

His first novel was written when he was so poor that he had to write it on the pages of an old magazine.

His second book was "The Psychology of the poor", for which the publisher gave him £250 to be printed as a serial in his magazine; it was afterwards published and reached a circulation of 250,000.

His third book was "A Life of Christ for children."

His fourth "Across the death line."

His fifth was a book of poems.

His sixth book was on Economics.

His seventh work was entitled "The Shooter at the sun." During his days in prison he released this book, writing it on scraps of newspaper. After that, while still in prison, he prepared another book in his memory, as he had no paper to write on, and it became the most popular of all his works. It was the work called "Listening to the Voice in the wall."

The ninth book, "Passing from star to star", reached a circulation of 100,000. "A Grain of Wheat" is his last book and already 100,000 copies have been sold.

He has published altogether 50 books, selling 1,200,000; 30 Pamphlets and 35 Leaflets, selling 5,000,000. The fame he has won in the literary world has made him a national figure. The late Prime Minister announced that he had spent his first week-end of office reading this book as a good preparation for his new post! Kagawa receives £20,000 in royalties; in addition, his book-sales realise about £2000 a year; all the proceeds go to the three Settlements he has started.

## Kagawa as a reader

He has a perfect craze for books; when he entered the Presbyterian College in 1905, he had read, to the astonishment of his fellow-students, such books as Goethe's *Faust*, Kant's *Critic of pure reason*, Darwin's *Origin of Species*, ~~Buskin~~'s *Modern Painters*, Maxmuller's *Sacred Books of the East*.

Students called him the Transcendentalist, as he was so unlike most boys. His professors marvelled at the use he made of the College Library. He read every book there worth reading.

## Kagawa as a Christian

His over-mastering life-purpose is found in the prayer: "O God, make me like Christ." "My-self and God, only we two", was his verdict on life in a prison-cell. His favourite hymn is "JESUS, keep me near the Cross." He says: "It is the Cross which alone can furnish the dynamic of a life devoted to lift this weary way-ward world back to GOD." There is nothing nebulous or intangible about his experience of GOD. GOD to him is infinitely more than the Absolute, more than Cosmic Energy. God is his Father, his Comrade, his Comforter, his great Ally. Kagawa found at his conversion to Christianity that Christ had revealed GOD to Him, so that he had no shadow of a doubt that Christ was His Guide. The wisdom of Christ is seen in His refusal to theorize; for religion is not a theory, but a life; it was this that attracted Kagawa.

## Kagawa as an Evangelist

Kagawa's one aim was to bring the out-cast Japanese into Christianity. He saw only 300,000 Christians among them, and he launched a five-years campaign to make then into 1,000,000; in 1929 he sounded a clarion note, and in 1930 a central committee management was formed, to which the name of "The Kingdom of GOD movement", was given. Its members are making a great crusade throughout the country, their message being: "The Gospel of Christ brings full, rounded, emancipation, economic, political, physical, psychological, and social." Kagawa was convinced that only Christ's way of life, and the operation of the Cross-principle on the whole realm of life can realise the prayer: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done." His efforts to evangelize the whole of Japan rallied all the missionary and church forces of Japan into one gigantic five-years effort. Think of the variety of people he planned to reach; 30,000,000 farmers; 5,278,000 industrials; 1,500,000 fisherfolk; 459,000 miners; 1,033,000 tailors and public workers; 2,500,000 students. He has travelled up and down the country to carry his message; with his half-blind eyes looking, as it were, into a heavy mist, a mysterious psychic power guides him; and thousands listen to him enthralled by his message.

## Kagawa as a Labour leader

Early in his career he declared that the slums are "The laboratory of life and of human society; from one point of view I am doing research work; I am an industrious scientist, I do not just administer palliatives." He was not simply a mender of spoiled lives. He found where the income was low and the death-rate high. Poverty, he saw, was the hand-maid to prostitution. To throw chastity on the market meant money without toil, so young women were willing to barter their souls rather than take a starvation wage.

A new spirit, Kagawa felt, was working in these toiling labourers; they were not willing to go on working without a living wage; and

early in 1921, some of the labourers issued a manifesto to the nation. This was the first attempt in Japan to benefit the labourers, an unheard-of procedure. Labourers were beginning to feel that they were personalities, not commodities to be bought and sold. They were not machines, but demanded the right to regulate their own circumstances. 30,000 labourers put their destinies into Kagawa's hands. He spoke daily, he opposed violence and destructive tactics, saying that there was but one course for the labourer, which was production motivated by love.

He was put in prison for 13 days and confined in a solitary cell.

He next organized an "All peasants' union" and again was charged; but this time the Government was on his side, for he had served on the Imperial Economic Commission, his work having been recognised by them.

Thus, his life in the slums, his work of agricultural improvement, and above all his main object to center the necessary motive, spirit and goal for social reconstruction on JESUS CHRIST, have made him a national figure. Man-made morality resulting in an avaricious, economic system and degenerate politics, had brought about the present state of affairs; but " the spirit of Christ the Carpenter, said Kagawa, must be the soul and creative dynamic of all real social construction.

Those, who wish to follow the story of this remarkable leader, who is only to day 45 years old and has already written 50 books, can obtain for the small sum of Rs. 2/4 his life, *Kagawa*, by William Ayling, at the Y. M. C. A. Publishing House, 5 Russell St., Calcutta.

E.K.

# THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

The keynote of Japan's civilization is that it is both very modern and very ancient. Like its emblem, the Cherry Tree, its roots lie deep in the soil, with legends thousands of years old.

Japan is liked for its varied and colourful surroundings. One sees in this most modern of modern places, beautiful parks, schools, colleges, libraries, Government offices and towering department stores. Tram cars, motor-buses, taxi-cabs, motor-lorries, and swarms of bicycles traverse streets with much honking of horns and ringing of bells, whilst the peaceful rickshaw and the cart drawn by hand, progress quietly and at a leisurely pace. Many cyclists are trick-riders worthy of the circus. They pedal along unconcernedly, balancing several trays laden with bowls of soup piled one on the other. Sometimes, a gaily-dressed procession on foot, with fluttering banners, beating drums, and blaring trumpets will distribute handbills along the streets, advertising some-body's pills or theatrical performance. Accompanied by jingling bells, a seller of news-papers steps into the streets.

Between the main streets is a jumble of wooden houses, wireless aerials, telegraph-poles and small factory chimneys. Here and there, modern buildings can be seen standing out like islands. There are many narrow alleys between the closely set wooden houses. So one can understand why the fire-brigades of Japan get so much practice. Children abound everywhere, often carried on the backs of women, or of older children. Small boys display their spirit by fighting mock battles in the streets. Washing may be seen hanging out on small roof balconies, or *Kimonos* taken to pieces spread out on boards to dry.

At nights, the streets are ablaze with electric lights. The main shopping streets are over-hung with even archways of electric lights. Theatres, dance-halls, moving picture shows and Cafes provide entertainment for city dwellers.

Contrasts in dress abound. Most of the men wear modern European clothes, but some prefer their more picturesque national costume. Dainty maidens in *Kimonos* walk side by side with modern girls. The *Geta* or wooden clogs worn

by those favouring the Japanese style of dress, make a constant 'Click-Clack' on the streets or pavements. At festival times small wayside stalls lit by calcium flares line the streets. During their annual festival, the streets are thronged with people paying ceremonial calls, and gay boys and girls playing battle-dore and shuttle-cock.

Here and there, a small way-side shrine offers a peaceful retreat from the bustle of city life. Probably the most impressive sight in any Japanese city is the Imperial Palace, a dignified reminder of old Japan, situated in the very centre of modern Tokyo. But just for a while step out of the main avenue of modernism and saunter into the quiet lanes, and you will see something reminiscent of old Japan.

Japanese do many things in a manner different from, and sometimes directly opposite to, the ways of " Foreigners". To the Japanese, foreign ways appear equally unaccountable.

Japanese books begin at the back, or what we call the end, the word " Finis " being put where we begin our books. Usually, the type runs from top to bottom and is read from right to left.

There is no letter "L" in Japanese, they will say "Remon" meaning "Lemon". When greeting each other or taking leave, Japanese people bow repeatedly.

White is worn at funerals and black at weddings. Men take precedence over women in all things.

Japanese houses are usually built of wood, one or two stories in height, with shingled or tiled roofs. The sides of the house, composed at night of sliding doors, are stowed away in boxes during the day-time. Inside the wooden doors are frequently found shutters of wood and glass which can be removed at will. There is usually a narrow verandah within, which is another series of sliding panels covered with semi-transparent paper. The rooms are divided from each other by opaque paper screens, which run in grooves at the top and bottom. By taking out these sliding screens, several rooms can be converted into one.

The floors of all living rooms are covered with thick mats, made of rushes and perfectly fitted together. These mats are always of the same size, six feet by three feet.

The principal room in a Japanese house is provided with a raised place of honour, a sacred place or alcove, made of beautiful wood. On its matted floor is usually displayed some rare curio in bronze or porcelain, and an arrangement of flowers in an artistic bronze vase. On the back wall is hung a hanging scroll picture. These are the adornments to that matted room.

As people sit and sleep on the matted floor, shoes must be removed at the entrance to the house. The necessity for bedsteads is prevented by quilts, which are brought in at night and laid wherever they happen to be most convenient. Cupboards are for the most part openings in the wall, screened in by small paper slides. Meals are taken with chop sticks and served separately on small lacquer trays to the guests, who are seated on the floor.

Geisha dances are the popular and universal forms of entertainment at banquets and at other functions in Japan.

The Japanese are an atheletic race and are proficient at all forms of sport. Most of the bathing beaches are very popular and are crowded in summer. Tennis and golf also attract a very large number of Japanese.

A place of interest is Myonoshita, set among the glorious scenery of the Hakone Mountains. It is the best centre from which one can explore the beautiful district around Mount Fuji, Japan's highest mountain. Tokyo has many wide streets and fine modern buildings. It is a thoroughly progressive city and the worthy capital of a great Empire. The Imperial Palace, surrounded by old stone walls topped with pine trees, and an ancient moat, stands, peacefully and majestically in the very centre of the modern city with its hustling life. In Nikko, there are magnificient temples. Richly carved and, lacquered, they stand majestically in a fine setting of giant cryptomeria trees. The mountain district around Nikko has many beautiful water-falls, the most famous being the Kegon fall, which is below Lake Chuzenji.

As a distinct contrast from our Indian streets, there are no beggars and one is impressed by the cleanliness apparent. "Politeness and honesty " seem to be the Japanese motto.

SHRIMATHI SHANTHI.

**Engagement of Trvancore Princess**

H.H. The Princess *Kartiga Tirunal*, sister of H. H. The Maharaja of Travancore whose marriage will take place on the 25th January '34. The bridegroom, it is understood, is Mr. Goda Varma of the Poonagar family, a very ancient and noble family of Travancore. His Highness is seen on the right of the picture and on the left is his brother, Prince Marthanda Varma.

*Photo by Indian News Agency, Srirangam.*

Maharajkumari Sudha Rani of Burdwan, who appeared in the well-known Indian film of *Karma.*
(*By Courtesy of the Illustrated Weekly of India*).

# OUR SERIAL STORY

## Detective Janaki

(Janaki is detected by her step-mother in an innocent flirtation with the undesirable Sivaram. Two alternatives are laid before her; she must either marry Natesan or have her escapade reported to her father. Hating both, Janaki runs out of the house. She meets a stranger called Seshan, whose matrimonial advertisement she had answered. He tells her he has a past, which he will not disclose. Yet, she marries him, after getting his permission to go on with her hobby, which is detective work. She gets her first case when she tries to discover what is wrong with an obviously-unhappy married couple. She follows them to their house, and succeeds in smoothing out their misunderstanding. Then, she solves the disappearance of a girl and brings her happiness. And, all the while, she is in love with her own husband, while he is apparently indifferent.)

### Chapter VIII.

Some days later, Janaki was sitting at the window of her room in the evening, gazing out at the strip of sea which was visible between two sand-hills, away across an undulating plain. It was quite a pretty view. Turning back, she would have been rewarded by quite as pretty a sight; for her room was a comfortable one, and well-arranged with good things. But Janaki seemed to be blind to the beauty around her; and there was a vague look in her large eyes. And soon those orbs clouded over, and two tears actually gathered. She tried to blink them back.

A step behind her made her blink harder. "What are you looking at, Janaki?" asked Seshan's voice. "The same view as usual? You seem to be very fond of it."

Janaki suddenly began to rub her eyes hard. "Oh, there is something in my eyes," she said.

"Let me see', said Seshan.

But Janaki would not let him see, even while she ached with the longing to do so. She was afraid he would suspect her tears.

"You seem to have a cold too", he said.

"Yes, of course", said Janaki in a muffled voice. "Anything in the eyes always affects the nose, doesn't it?"

Seshan sat on a chair, fidgetted a while, then drew up closer to her. Then, suddenly, he caught hold of one of her hands and pulled it away from her eyes.

"That's enough," he said, rather roughly for him. "Don't pretend any more. I know you've been crying."

At that, the tears burst out afresh, and began pouring down Janaki's face. She felt quite ashamed of herself. Seshan got up and walked about rather fiercely.

"Why are you sad, Janaki? I have been noting for sometime that you are unhappy. I feel very grieved, my dear. I know this is a dull life for you, and I am a stupid man. It's a pity you are tied to me."

Was he blind and deaf not to see or hear that she loved to be with him, thought Janaki. He continued:

"It was noble of you to marry me, in spite of my questionable past; and I am eternally grateful. You don't know how you've brightened my life." Janaki felt herself glowing.

"But with your beauty and your accomplishments, you ought to have married a better man."

She glowed more than ever at his praise.

"Would you like to go to your father's house for a while?" asked he.

"No, oh no."

"Why are you so cross with them? You seem to be afraid too of your step-mother."

"She was very unkind and unjust to me."

"Unjust? In what way? By the way, won't you tell me the story of that childish folly of yours, of which you spoke once?"

"Shall I? No, I won't. Yes, I will, if you'll tell me the secret of your past."

"I can't do that, Janaki; and you know that is for your sake."

"It can't be so bad as that?"

"M..............m......It depends on how you take it."

"Well, then, I also can't tell you my secret?"

"Is that also a shady one?"

"No—no—yet it also depends."

" I don't like to think of my wife having such a secret from me."

" Perhaps, I'll tell it to you later. Don't let's worry about it now. We agreed to let bygones be bygones, didn't we ?"

" So we did. Would you like to come with me for a drive ?"

" Very well ; and oh, Seshan—"

" What's it, my girl ?"

Timidly she put one hand on his shoulder and gently brushed against him.

" Nothing, only I'm so happy."

" That's good. I thought you were sad just now. You seem to be a very volatile creature. Why are you happy ?'

" Oh—just—to think of the joy we brought to that young couple the other day. I wish—I wish—never mind, let's go for our drive now."

With a gesture strange to him he caught her hand in both of his and pressed it hard. For a moment, he looked into her eyes, then with a shamed laugh turned away, and they went out of the room.

They were the proud possessors now of a trim little new two-seater ; and so they buzzed away gaily on their drive, Janaki driving. A mile brought them to the end of the town, and before them lay a red, narrow road, curving between green fields, beyond which spread low-lying hills. It was an entrancing view, but Janaki slowed down, and then stopped.

" I wonder why there are so many cars and people round that house," she said, pointing to a mansion in a large compound rather by itself. " Is anything wrong ? I would like to see. Poor Sakuntala, I hope nothing has happened to her or hers. She's a good girl."

" H...........m ! She is pretty ; but as to being good,—I don't know. She's a bit of a flirt, isn't she ?"

" Well, yes, in a way, I suppose ; she talk freely to men, like all modern girls. I thought you would have understood, Seshan," she added reproachfully.

" So I do ", he returned. " But there seems to be something more here. What about that young fellow, who is always running after her, Chandrasekhara, the merchant. It's a wonder to me how her husband can allow the intimacy between them."

" Because he sees nothing wrong in it, I think."

" Why does he glower at them then ? I tel you, I feel afraid sometimes of what he may do to her."

" Do you, indeed ? Come, shall we go and see what's happened ? You drive now, Seshan. I can't thread my way through that crowd."

Slowly they drove in and found a resting-place. There were not wanting people to give them gratuitous information as to what had occurred. Mr. Anandan was dead, had been drowned. It had happened only last night. His poor wife was in tears.

" Tears, idle tears," murmured Janaki to herself, though the wife deserved them she thought. And did she really feel the loss ? Perhaps, she was glad she was free now. As for that young merchant, he would be still there, ready at her beck and call. Oh, it was a strange world. And so on—and so on.

Our young couple made more detailed enquiries. Mr. Anandan had gone out late the previous evening, as on other evenings, for his sea-bath. But he had not returned at his usual time. It had been thought that he had gone to visit some friends. Eight o'clock struck, then nine, still he had not returned. They had gone out with lanterns to look for him. No signs had been found for a long time ; but at last, high up among the rocks, they had found his clothes discarded. He must have gone out to sea, been washed away and drowned. Poor man ! His wife had not eaten or slept since. She was behaving indeed in a most exemplary manner, which was doing much to bring back alienated public opinion to her.

Had his body been found ? No, it was thought it might come in later ; or perhaps it had been washed away to another shore ; or......a shark might have got him. They must wait and see.

But, nothing more was heard or seen later of the dead man's body.

And soon the excitement about him subsided, as it does over every " nine-days wonder." The papers had many obituary notices about the deceased, and all were favourable. He had been a worthy man, an example of propriety and honesty, a good worker in his office, an ardent philanthropist, an energetic social reformer, a considerate friend, a worthy husband, and so on. If the dead man had only been able to hear what was said about him, surely he would have been happy, thought Sehan and Janaki.

And happy also he would have been about his wife, for she sorrowed bitterly for him. "All his jealousy would have taken to itself wings and flown away," said Janaki.

"Wait and see", said, her more cautious husband. "Chandrasekhar is still always there, I hear."

Seshan was right in his caution, as events proceeded. One day, Janaki came to him with a long face.

"What do you think?" she said, "I believe Sakuntala and Chandrasekhara have been seen the last few nights walking about together on the lonely beach. And last night, a rather terrible thing happened. They were attacked by a strange man. Chandrasekhar was thrown down and hurt a little. But, he managed to get up and limped home with her. The other one disappeared as suddenly as he appeared. Shall I go and see her?"

"Do."

Janaki got the story from her friend, intermixed with bursts of tears and sobs. The woman seemed rather dazed.

"I have been feeling so unhappy. And I felt that I must go out to the beach and search for my husband. He seemed to be calling out for me. I took the old gardener, Hari, with me for two nights; but he fell ill, and then Chandrasekhara offered to come with me. I trusted him. But oh, the wretch! I shall never speak to him again. I thought he was good, but he is a serpent, an adder. For three nights, he was all right, and then—then—he caught hold of me and began kissing me—"

"Had he never done that before?"

Sakuntala was indignant. "What do you think of me? Would I have allowed him to be near me, if he had done so? There were times when I thought he was inclined to be too free; but my husband was always there, and he himself said nothing to me; and I understood that he had no objection to my being friends with that man. As a matter of fact, it was my husband who allowed us to go about together occasionally, since he himself was so busy. I know some people did talk, but so long as my husband allowed it, what harm was there?"

"Your husband said nothing to you then?"

"He did not; sometimes he did look at me crossly, but I thought it was for other things.—And, after—his—death, Chandrasekhara has been very polite to me. So—so—I trusted him."

"Then, what happened?"

"He held me so tight that I could not do much to defend myself. I did manage to scream, and I pushed him away, and scratched his face. I think the marks of my nails are there", she cried triumphantly. "And then, there seemed to be a cataclysm. There was a rush of steps, someone came and pulled him away, threw him down, and hit him and ran away."

"Didn't you see his face?"

"No, no, but he was tall and big, and reminded me a little of my poor dead one. Oh—oh— I wish he was here with me now."

"You want him back then?"

"Oh, I do, I do. I always loved him and adored him. But he—he— was sometimes so cold and distant to me, I don't know why; Time was, when we were so happy together, but that was before we came here. Oh, I am so lonely and I have not even a child to console me."

Janaki went home thoughtfully and told her husband about what had happened.

"How miserable death is", she said. "Death comes and breaks us, and takes aways our people from us. It gives no time for quarrels to be patched up, for understandings to be cleared, for explanations to be made. And then, we long and long to talk and clear up things. But it's too late! Oh, Seshan, I wish—I. wish—"

She could proceed no further, but went away, while he gazed after her with a strange expression.

Soon after this, Seshan observed that Janaki seemed to be more occupied than ever with her social work in the poorer quarters of the town He knew by previous experience, that either this was an outlet to her forced inactivity with regard to some problem in hand, or provided a means for working out the same in correct perspective. All he could do was to wait and watch and not interfere unnecessarily, unless she consulted him, according to the tacit understanding between them.

Two weeks passed, nothing happened, and Seshan found a strange feeling of resentment growing in his heart, which grew stronger when his wife took it into her head to come home very often late for dinner. He was afraid for her safety, and he suggested some-body going with her; but she told him that she had two of the men he had recommended to her in their previous case.

"Raman and Hari are great men," she said, "they are my devoted attendants."

"Well, don't be too familiar with them," replied Seshan. "They may misinterpret some.

times ; too free behaviour in a woman may be unwise."

"Very seldom, I think" said Janaki. "I always maintain that trust begets trust. Anyway, let's not argue about it now. I have some work to do. Good-bye, Seshan."

"When will you come back?"

"About eight, in time, I hope, for dinner. But don't wait for me."

"My dear, I cannot approve—"

But she was gone. Strangely uneasy in his mind, he went searching for her at eight o'clock. He went to the *Paracheri ;* he knew she was often at the school-house, holding some meeting or another. But she was not there; then he was directed to the house of Nalini and Madhavan, whom we have met before. He went to a few other houses ; finally he was told that she had started for home. "Was she alone?" he asked.

"Yes, she was ; for Raman and Hari had gone on some business. Yet—wait—there was another man with her, a stranger, who had lately come to that town, a queer man. He seemed to know Janakiamma well."

"Did he?" said Seshan to himself, strangely jealous, and proceeded to follow them home.

On the way, he passed some lonely pieces of waste land, sometime he met coolies and others going home ; but on the whole there were few people about. He hoped fervently that Janaki was safe ; for that was the season for thieves.

Suddenly, as he turned a corner, from behind a low wall, he heard his wife's voice, unmistakable, because of its, to him, distinctive timbre.

"Oh, don't thank me too much," she said, "I have done nothing."

"Oh, you have, you have. You sought me out from so many people ; you were kind to me ; you have satisfied my longing heart—"

"Has she indeed?" growled Seshan to himself.

"And I—I—cannot tell you how much I admire you and—appreciate you."

"Does he, indeed, the wretch?"—from Seshan.

"Won't you be still kinder and satisfy me further? Please do. Without you, what can I do? Please, please be kind."

"Very well," said his wife.

Unable further to stand the situation, Seshan jumped over the wall, and spoke gruffly.

"What are you doing there, Janaki? Come home. And who is that with you?"

It seemed to him that he heard a sudden flurry in the darkness. Somebody else jumped over the wall and disappeared. Seshan was very angry. He took one step forward to follow him, but Janaki rushed to him and held him fast.

"Stop, stop, Seshan. It's silly of him to run like that ; but since he has gone, let him go."

"Who's he?"

"A friend. I shall tell you later exactly who he is."

"Why do you meet him secretly? Is this right on your part?"

"I admit it's not quite right, but you must trust me. Don't you trust me?"

Seshan felt more angry than ever, but managed to collect himself enough to be silent.

Keeping hold of his wife's hand he helped her in the darkness over the wall. Janaki too was silent, though there was a strange gladness in her heart; she liked her husband to be jealous.

When they were over the wall, she said,

"You don't answer my question, but I won't worry you, for I am nothing if not accommodating. But tell me, didn't you promise that you won't interfere with me if I did not meddle with you?"

"I did, but that was only if you did not do wrong. Isn't this wrong?"

"It may appear so but—"

"What will people say? You don't wish to be talked of, like Sakuntala, do you?"

"Why not? Yet, don't you trust me?"

"I do—but—"

"Are you jealous? I do believe you are."

He was silent so long that she grew alarmed. She sidled up to him.

"Don't be angry, Seshan", she pleaded. "The time hasn't come yet to tell you everything. Give me one day more. But I'll mention one point now. This man, who was with me, was the one who attacked Sakuntala's lover."

"Indeed? Why do *you* take up with him then. Are you attracted by his violent methods?"

"Probably. But, don't be cross. Wait one day more. Now, isn't this a lovely night?"

But he was cross and would not answer, and strangely enough, she rejoiced in his sullenness, and clung to his arm, as if afraid of the darkness.

The next evening she asked him if he would go with her, and whether he would allow the other man to go with them. The fuming Seshan finally said he would.

It was late, when they started. They reached the beach.

Janaki stopped the car in the road close by, and they got out, but she bade the two men wait; while she went somewhere else in the car and fetched someone she wanted.

Seshan tried to make the man talk on ordinary subjects; but he only replied in syllables. So he walked about on one side, while the other man sat down and waited.

At last, the car was heard again. Presently, they heard the voices of women, Janaki's and another. Soon, the two appeared. The other woman's head was shrouded in her sari. She stood hesitating and evidently uncertain.

"Sakuntala", said Janaki, "I've brought you here to clear up a little misunderstanding. The man, who attacked Chandrasekhara the other day, wishes to apologise. He was afraid to come to the house, lest you might get him turned out. He wants to beg your pardon."

"Why?"

"For having insulted your friend."

"He's no friend of mine."

"But, he was", said the man in a deep, throaty voice, evidently feigned.

"He was, but he is not. I hate him, because he has proved himself a wicked man and a treacherous friend. I—trusted him, but he is false—Oh!" she cried in a burst of tears, and turned to her friend, "was it for this you brought me here? Oh, I am ashamed, ashamed."

Janaki put her arm around the trembling creature and soothed her.

"Why are you ashamed? Have you done anything wrong?"

"Never, never," said the other firmly. I only allowed the man as my friend, because my husband brought him, and only as long as he was good. When—but—why should I tell all this now."

Because—because—this gentleman wishes to assure himself that—but never mind. Come here, my friend."

The other man stepped forward, and suddenly a torch was flashed on his face. Seshan was a step behind, and could not see him; but Sakuntala gave a great cry, and suddenly crumpled up at their feet.

"A ghost, a ghost," she moaned. "Am I dead too, that I see his spirit. But, oh God, I thank thee for letting me see his face again;" and with that she fell to fondling the man's feet and sobbing over them.

Janaki sniffed and giggled nervously. Then she turned to her husband.

"Come," she said with a sobbing breath. "Let us go now, and wait in the car for them."

"Who is he?" asked the bewildered man.

"Can't you guess?"

"But how can he be her husband? He was dead."

"You foolish man, since he is her husband, he must be alive. As a matter of fact, he never died. He only pretended, because he wished to test her. You see he loved her and trusted her in a way; but he suspected her also in a way. And he didn't know what to do. He could not ask her, and so he hit on this method."

"Rather silly, and very selfish, wasn't it? He made his wife suffer agony."

"True, but he thought she might not be really sorry. If so, he would not have appeared again. But he found it otherwise."

"Who told him? You? Was it for that you met him?"

"Yes, I", cried Janaki proudly. "I knew he was alive, and I made enquiries about the new arrivals here, through Raman and Hari. Then, I sent a message to him, and he met me that night, and I explained everything."

"Forgive me, Janaki."

"Oh, but I was glad. No, no, I was sorry you did not trust me; but it was natural, wasn't it? Dash it all, when you have the evidence of your own eyes, you must believe, mustn't you?"

"Yes, but I should have known you better."

"True, oh king!"

"You have forgiven me then?"

"Of course."

"How did you begin to suspect he was alive?"

"You big, silly man, you might have done the same. When I heard that his body had not been found, or heard of, even after many days, I had a suspicion, especially as the currents were bound to carry the dead body to this shore. You see, I enquired. Then, she said the man who attacked Chandrasekhara was somewhat like her husband. Then, I felt sure. Of course intuition helped me. That's how a woman works, you know."

"You are wonderful, my dear, simply wonderful!"

"Well, well!"

They were sitting in their car by that time, and now a little silence fell between them, an understanding silence. Noiselessly they moved

closer to to each other. Once, Seshan's hand unconsciously touched hers. Whether he got a responsive pressure from her, one cannot say; but anyway, after a little hesitation, he let his hand lie on hers. And so they sat. Janaki's fingers quivered to clasp his; but she held herself well in, and sat calm And so, time passed—happily, but unsatisfactorily—for her.

At last, the other couple arrived, very shy and self-conscious. Janaki, Sakuntala and Seshan squeezed themselves into the little car.

The other man stood outside.

"What about you?" asked Seshan.

"Oh, I shall join her later. I shall go away and pretend that I have just come back, after having been washed ashore somewhere else, and been ill and unconscious and so on. Won't that do?"

"Oh, quite, Anandan quite. Anything will do, so long as you are alive and together, eh? Good-bye for the present, then."

K. S.

(*To be continued*)

# THE IMPORTANCE OF HOGENAKAL

**By V. Thangaswami**

A sight-seer, boarding a bus and traversing nine miles the superb ghat road due west of Pennagaram of the Dharmapuri Taluk. will reach Hogenakal (otherwise known as *Bharadwaja Ashram*) on the river Cauvery, which marks the limits of Salem and Coimbatore districts. It is thirty miles off Mettur. The word "Hogenakal" in Canarese literally means "Smoking Rock." Set amidst hilly reserves, it is a picturesque spot, frequently resorted to by tourists, holiday-makers, picnickers and government officials. There are no inhabitants worth the name there and the practical desolation of the locality is occasionally relieved by seasonal groups of visitors and numberless pilgrims during festivals. For the convenience of visitors, there are a Forest Rest House and, two Local Fund chattrams on the bank of the river. Sambhur, deer, bison, cheetah, peacock, abound in the immediate vicinity of this place and elephants have also been reported to have made their appearance in the adjacent Alambadi and Mettur reserves. Hogenakal is, therefore, an attractive ground, not only for shikaris and game-lovers in and around Salem, but for Mysoreans as well.

BRAHMAKUNDAM FALLS.

There is a continuous supply of water all through the year and the river is in high floods, affording, during the *Adi* month, tempting bait for anglers. Yet, beauty has its own weak points to et it off; and it is lamentable that in such a charming place malaria lurks in sweet repose; for, it is said, any stay beyond three days is sure to bring on an attack of fever with its attendant ill-effects.

Mountains and rivers figure prominently in Hindu *puranas* and have always been identified with religion. The river Cauvery is no exception to the orthodox Hindu conception of divinity and, to all intents and purposes, it is looked upon as a goddess. Legend credits Brahma with the burning of *Ahavaniyyam*, *Gharahapathyam* and

*Dakshinagni*, three huge sacrificial fires, at *Brahmakundam* for the performance of *yagna* (sacrifice.) This is a mighty waterfall estimated to fall from a height of about 100 feet, where bathing is well-nigh impossible. There are two or three minor falls, of which *Ganathirtham* is an ideal bathing site, where a fair degree of protection is ensured to people by proper iron fencing. The place is so called, because of the unique facilities it affords for concentrating one's faculties of *gnana* on God. Truly, there is more in it than meets the eye. The water at the falls is said to be medicinal in effect and tones up the body and mind. Right opposite to this fall is to be seen a small cave, apparently carved out of a big boulder, where rishi Valmiki was believed to have done penance in days of yore. Tradition goes round that within one mile south of Hogenakal and two miles north of it are situated eight *thirthams* viz., *Agni*, *Brahma*, *Naradha*, *Negrodhaga*, *Sannatkumara*, *Senku*, *Chakra* and *Asvartham*.

Just between the two chattrams already mentioned, situated on the bank of the river, is a small Siva temple in a poor state of repair, said to have been dedicated by sage Agastya to *Thirupurasundari Amman* and *Desesvaraswami*. Every Monday, puja is performed by a priest. Government gives an allowance of Rs. 120 and has endowed some lands exclusively for religious purposes. A little way down the shrine and on the fringe of the water is *Agnithirtham*, otherwise called *Nagargettam*. The popular Hindu belief is that people, who have no children, overcome their misfortune by taking a sanctifying bath at this holy thirtham. These religious beliefs and ideals are contained in the eighteen cantos of *Bharadwaja-Samhita Brahmandapuranam*, a book fast getting out of print.

As a pilgrim centre, Hogenakal attracts large crowds on two festive occasions, one in Adi (July-August) when it is held that a plunge in the sacred river, especially on the eighteenth day of the month, is as much productive of purifying influences as a dip in the distant Ganges, or, for that matter, in the time-hoary tank in Kumbakonam during the Maha-Magham festival; and the other in Tai, during the Tula (or Arpisi) festival in November. During these two important festivals, about 30,000 to 40,000 people, mostly Brahmins, congregate merely for performing their ablutions in the sacred river, necessary arrangements being made by the Health and the Police departments.

The future of Hogenakal seems to be fraught with interesting developments. As a consequence of the Tirumangalam village having been submerged by the Cauvery-Mettur Project, the ryots thereof have just begun migrating to Uttamalai, not far off Hogenakal, where, thanks to the revenue authorities, about 200 acres of land have been assigned free to them; and it is gratifying to see that a tiny settlement is in making which, it is hoped, will ere long grow into a small hamlet.

This is what has been written about Hogenakal:

"The rugged picturesqueness and wild grandeur of the hill scenery round about Hogenakal is what has appealed to me so impressively. Almost all of it is composed of huge granite boulders, which appear as though they had been thrown together in sport by a race of Titans or Rakshashas in prehistoric times." "For a distracted mind, there is no place like it to give solace; for a feeble body, no atmosphere like it to act as a tonic." "I shall go again to that place when Madras lies heavy on me. I made acquaintance there with a life that reminds me of good days in my own which I do not want to forget."

# THE CALL OF THE SOUL

**By Mrs. Krishnaswamy**

The sun sank with a refulgent glory of crimson, the light of closing day grew dimmer and dimmer. Rapidly night came on with its dark mantle spread wide, and embraced the world with a satisfied sigh. There came the stray call of a night bird. Silence reigned, only now and then broken by the chirping of a cricket and the flutter of a solitary bat which circled round and round with steady regularity.

Rukmani Ammal crossed the front part of the garden, turned to the right and came near a clump of trees. Two tall mango trees with spreading boughs stood within ten paces of each other. Thick ropes connected these above; and, hung by a length of the same, a narrow plank of light wood was swinging gaily to and fro. Seated on it was a girl of about sixteen. She jumped down lightly, saying "Of course, auntie, I am coming inside. Don't be worried".

"Sakuntala, how many times have I told you that being out of doors after dusk, amidst a dense growth of trees all by yourself, is neither decent nor safe? Well, if again you do it, off you go to your mother.

The girl never replied by a word, but slowly directed her steps towards the house.

Sakuntala's uncle, Nilakanta Iyer, was a retired manager of a successful oil company. He had quick brains and an open nature. But, his sound judgement and voice of authority, that had made him at once respected and obeyed, imperceptibly faded into oblivion in his domestic life. Rukmani Ammal had her own ideas of self-importance and matronly dignity.

That night she talked with her husband about that *unmanageable* niece of hers.

"I cannot understand that girl's nature. Sarasa's illness made me take charge of her for a while. Now, I regret my action".

"By what new freaks has she shocked you now?"

"I have nothing definite to complain about her. But her strange aloofness and odd nature clash every moment with my matter-of-fact life".

"Just leave the child to herself. She is a rare bud of humanity. Let her blossom unmolested".

Rukmani irrelevantly remarked, "Am I not rare, or any of the grand epithets that you string together?"

"Oh, well. You are quite good and fine. I am satisfied with you".

The day dawned. Birds chirped and cooed, the raucous cries of the crows rent the air and the morning breeze lightly kissed the slowly opening petals of perfumed flowers.

Sakuntala came out of the house with a flower-basket on her arm. She stood before every flowering plant, gazing long at the glory of its burden. She hesitatingly gathered a few flowers here and there and then retired to the coolest part of the garden, where a few jack-trees formed a semi-circle. A shower of dried leaves covered a rough stone seat that stood partly hidden by the trees. Sakuntala brushed aside the leaves and, seating herself on the seat, emptied the contents of the basket into her lap. She sorted out the flowers into separate groups and murmured "Oh, pure lily, can anything be lovelier than your virgin whiteness, the graceful inclination of your head and the fragrance of your heart? You beautiful rose, who is called the queen of flowers, who taught you to spread your petals in such an attractive display and entice the wandering bee with promise of a bountiful repast? You sparkling *champak* blossom, you shame the finest of metals by the molten gold of your petals."

"You crimson oleander, who can resist the temptation of your presence when you cry 'I live, I live, do not mistake me for the dead cloak of the setting sun!' Touches of beauty, you enrich life and make it worth while. What must be the omnipotent Power which created you? Come on, I shall weave you into a garland and delight in your perfection."

In no time she had made the wreath and thrown it around her neck. The picture she then made was startling. She was very slender and quite tall in stature. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair. Her large eyes held a peculiar light, haunting and mystic.

She seemed indeed the very spirit of the wood suddenly thrown into life and shape. She started when a clear voice came sharply. "Saku, how long will it take you to gather the flowers?"

When she entered the house, her aunt turned on her with surprise.

"What made you adorn yourself with that garland? It was intended for God's worship. Did you gather all the flowers?"

Sakuntala hastily took off the garland from her neck and stood nervously fingering it.

"I am sorry, aunt, I forgot. The flowers were so beautiful that I wanted to crush their sweetness against me. I did not cull all the flowers. The plants seemed so happy in possessing them that I left many untouched."

Rukmani Ammal remained silent for a few moments. Then she spoke. "Saraswati writes to-day she would like to have you back. Do you want to go?"

A glad look came into Sakuntala's eyes. "Of course, auntie. I shall be only too glad to be with mother again."

"It is so like you to be ungrateful. Do you think I took you here because I had something to gain? My poor sister has enough troubles to worry about. She partly confessed to me that you startled her at times. I brought you here, because I wanted you to mix with your healthy cousins and shake off the gloom that always envelops you. But you have never moved with them naturally. I had planned to bring about your marriage too, but at the very mention of it you turned your cold face away and remained mute. This complete indifference turns my affection into nothing."

"I know I am much indebted to you, dear aunt. Unfortunately, when once I begin to talk, the bitterness of my heart submerges the goodness of my thoughts. But I am not really as bad as you think".

* * *

In the busiest part of George Town, in a tall three-storeyed house on an open verandah, a pale woman about thirty-five lay on an easy-chair. There were marks of great suffering in the faded face. Her figure was fragile and her hands hung listlessly by her side.

She turned her head at the sound of footsteps and her tired eyes brightened up. Sakuntala knelt by the chair and leant her head against her mother's knees.

"Mother dear, even now, they would not let me go. I had to wrench myself away".

Saraswati Ammal smiled. "Dear Cinderella! well, how did you like the evening?"

There was a long-drawn sigh from the girl. "Yes, mother, it was delightful. They made me happy. But I frightened them with my death's mask and moth-eaten heart".

"Hush, child. You must not talk like that. You are in the best period of a girl's life. But you avoid every thing light, and turn your serious eyes on the grey side of life. Yet, I understand you better than anybody else, do I not?"

"Oh, mother, you know you are the anchor that holds fast the stormy ship of my soul. Without you, where shall I be? The spirit of my wronged father hovers nearer when I tend you."

Her mother spoke with an effort, after a while. "Let the past go. Bury it deep. Did you think of your aunt's proposal? She says the boy is quite presentable, the only son of his parents and very well off. If you are settled in life, you know I shall die happy".

"I have not decided yet. Mother, why can't you arrange it, if you desire so?"

"No, no, I shall not force you in anything".

A few days later, Sakuntala came to her mother with a letter in her hand.

"Look, mother, Kamala wants me to attend the garden-party that is to be held this evening at their house. She says she will not take a denial".

"Go by all means, child".

"But, I cannot. Parvati, our one servant, is sick. Who will attend to you when I am away?"

"Nonsense, child. I can very well look after myself. I wish you to go".

Sakuntala's friend, Kamala, was the lucky child of rich parents. She was engaged to be married to a young man with bright prospects and sterling qualities. Kamala knew very little of unhappiness. Her round face grew chubbier day by day and her dimples were unlimited. The return of her elder brother from England had been a joyous event in their house.

The party was an elaborate affair, arranged with much care and expense. The beautiful garden looked like a fairy palace. Japanese lanterns of various hues hung from the trees. Pavilions of pearl-grey and sea-green stood here and there with gaily-fluttering streamers on top of them. Dwarf palms and fancy crotons in glazed tubs were arranged with admirable taste and effect.

In a pale-blue saree, Kamala was hastening hither and thither, chatting, welcoming and chiding her many friends. She greeted Sakuntala warmly.

"Doubly welcome, Saki dear. I had some misgivings about your arrival".

The party ended as happily as it had begun; but a group of youths still sat inside a pavilion, chatting gaily.

Sakuntala had felt like a fish out of water. The flippant talk and careless laughter, mingled with irrelevant remarks and affected manners, alarmed and hurt her. She stole into the garden and sought a solitary place. Suddenly, a voice came from a few feet in front of her, behind a clump of crotons.

"She is nothing to look at. Her eyes are so depressing. One feels the touch of death when looking into them."

Another voice interrupted. "But, when she smiles, she is transfigured. That marble coldness of hers melts like snow in the sun."

She knew it was of her they talked. She tried to hasten away from the place, but her feet seemed rooted to the spot.

"Perhaps, she wants to attract men by her uncommon air. Probably, this modern Sakuntala is for ever seeking her fickle lover Dushyanta! She must have scared away the poor fellow by her pale form and her sad look!"

"Ramu, do not be so critical. Yet, I would not marry her for all the riches in the world!"

Like a hunted deer, she rushed from the place and reached the darkest corner of the deserted garden.

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"Mother, am I very repulsive to look at?"

"What a strange question! You are lovely, my darling."

"Mother dear, I am in one of my worst moods today".

"It will pass off. By the way, have you come to any decision about that boy? will you marry him?"

"Never, mother, never. I shall not marry him or anybody."

She withdrew from the hall. On the threshold, she turned a bitter face.

"In your mother-love, you do not perceive my ugliness. Do you know, mother, people call me, death-like, a phantom and a siren?"

Saraswati Ammal sat musing for a long while. "Who put this thought into her head? Did I make a serious mistake when I let her go to that garden party? I am as helpless as a child. What will be the end, oh God? When will you gather me to your lotus Feet? Life extinct is better than life led thus".

Kamala sent a servant with a letter in the evening. "Can you, dear friend, come to me within an hour? It is very important. Please,

I beg of you, do come." Sakuntala promptly replied that she could not comply with her friend's wish, as she was feeling ill.

After a few days, Kamala visited them one evening. She was very excited and perturbed.

She drew Sakuntala aside and looked into her eyes earnestly. "Saku, can you guess why I summoned you so urgently that evening? I have got some news which will startle you out of your solemnity. But you are an obstinate witch and I hesitate to broach the matter before I have consulted your mother. Please give me leave to talk to her privately for some time and excuse my strange attitude."

After Kamala left, Saraswati called her daughter to her. "Sakuntala, I fully know your attitude towards marriage. But, my health does not appear to improve. Where will you be, my child, all alone and left to the mercy of the world, after my death? God has given you this life, because He wants you to better it, live it and reach Him in the end. My precious child, Kamala's brother, Gopal, seems to love you with all the strength of his manhood. He is a very nice young man, whom I shall be proud to call my son-in-law. Will you meet him, if he comes, and try to like and love him?"

Sakuntala stared helplessly before her. "Oh mother, I shall never do anything to hurt you. I shall meet him."

The next evening, Kamala and her brother came. Gopal was a tall, well-built young man of five and twenty. Saraswati Ammal was quite satisfied with him. She and Kamala discreetly left him with Sakuntala and withdrew from the room. Sakuntala's cool self-possession abruptly left her. She could not lift her eyes and look the young man squarely in the face. Gopal, who was gazing at her with a rapt expression, broke the unendurable silence. "I do not like to rush you into anything against your wish. I can only say that I love you, as no man ever did love a woman. My feelings have no words to express themselves. Look at me, and say if you can ever try to reciprocate my feelings?"

Sakuntala's heart hammered against her ribs and her head grew dizzy. Was it pleasure or pain that she felt? The words of Gopal slowly sank into her heart with a delicious sense of warmth and welcome. Her deep eyes bent lower and lower till the long lashes hid them quite. A faint whisper of protest came from her lips. "Can you kindly leave me to myself for a time? We shall meet tomorrow."

"Of course, beloved. I shall return only when you ask me to."

Long after Gopal's departure, Sakuntala sat thinking out this new evolution of her life. She had refused many suitable offers with cold indifference, because her mind could never for a moment dwell on any change in her life. Marriage, love and wedded happiness were the last thoughts in her head. But all in a moment, the solid foundations of her heart swayed. Gopal's face smiled and floated before her mind. She realised he was the gift of God to her. She accepted him.

One evening, Gopal and Sakuntala were together.

"Sakuntala, people call you gloomy and cold. But I only see the glorious light in your eyes, the sweet smile on your lips and the divine grace of your body. Tell me, what makes you so different from your fellow-creatures? Have you breathed and lived in this world, or are you just a golden cloud dropped from space and brought to life?"

"I know I am gloomy and cold. But, when you are beside me, I feel I live. But I am not happy. I am not to be so, for that is my curse."

"What makes you think so? In a few weeks, you will be my wife and nothing on earth is going to separate us."

"Don't you think mother is improving in health? She seems very peaceful and happy."

Gopal looked into Sakuntala's face tenderly. "Darling, have you suffered much?"

Sakuntala started. "Yes, I have suffered—without limit. Do you want to know how it began?"

"Yes, if it does not pain you much."

"My father came of a very poor family. One rich uncle of his undertook to educate and make a man of him. Father had not a happy time in his house. His aunt considered him the cheater of her children's dues. But his uncle was a gentleman and kept his promise. Father was a book-lover and a very studious scholar. When he was to appear for the Intermediate Examination, his uncle suddenly fell ill and died in a very short time. With him had to die my father's ambition for higher studies. Before he died, his uncle had made a sort of provision for him, by engaging him as estate and general manager to a zamindar-friend of his. In a few months, father took charge of his post. The zamindar had some difficulty in dispensing with the services of the previous manager, who was a shrewd and ambitious man of experience. He had so long lived on the fat of the land that he fought hard to stick to the remunerative post. But he had to go, because the zamindar could not break his promise to his dying friend The ex-manager, Narayan Chetty, was a native of that place. He swore enmity to father, who worked hard to gain the confidence of the man who had so generously taken him on trust. He offered the ex-manager a vacant post in the home-management section. But the latter curtly declined. Father had been given comfortable quarters by the zamindar. Our house was situated in the very heart of a big tope. Father taught me many things about God, nature, truth and love. Years passed away rapidly. Father had a very dear friend, who had been his playmate and college friend. He used to come and stay in our house for days together. One day, the ex-manager, Narayan Chetty, came to our house and talked with father for a while. Afterwards, we learnt that he had come to accept the post offered long ago, if it still stood good.

I quite remember that night; father sat down to his supper with a joyous face. He told my mother 'This is a happy day. My conscience was now and then troubling me because of Narayan Chetty. You see, he lost a lucrative post when I stepped into his shoes. To-night I am at peace with the world because no one thinks hardly of me.'

Three months passed after that My father's friend stayed with us. One fine morning"—she choked a little and stopped.

"Dearest, say it in a few words. Do not agitate yourself."

"Yes, yes. My father was charged with the theft of a money bag containing Rs. 500. It had been collected, and put away for the night. Father had his office room in the right wing of the zamindar's house. He had checked the account, counted the money and put it into the bag, when he suddenly remembered that an important document connected with the transaction had been left in his own house. He went there to fetch it, after locking the office door. His friend lay on an easy chair reading, in the verandah. When father explained in a few words why he had come, his friend cut in and laughingly claimed him. 'Oh, that can wait till the morning. You are so engrossed with your work that you scarcely give me your company. Sit down. Let us have a chat.'

Father sat long talking with him and then retired to bed.

The morning found him as usual in the office. When he placed the document in the drawer, he found with great alarm that the money-bag was missing. He searched every nook and corner of the room, but it was nowhere to be found. The zamindar kept his own council when he came to know of the affair. He did not call in the police. There was no sign of burglary. Father's fair name stood at stake. His friend's evidence was the only chance to establish his innocence. But poor father was destined to receive a mortal blow. The zamindar held a private enquiry, in which father was given a wide scope to defend himself. He called in his friend, who had seen him come empty-handed from the office and who had been engaged in talk with him for more than an hour. But the friend boldly declared that he had never seen or talked with him the previous night. That finished my father.

The zamindar spoke a few words to the effect that, as the *protege* of his dead friend, he did not wish to deal hardly with my father, but expected him to hand over charge as early as possible and quit the place. Father went away to a small house in a new country. After that, he had never a moment's happiness. His settled dejection brought on an attack of the nerves, and illness seized his hapless body. He died within two years of his ignominy. Again, we moved from the place, mother, myself and a devoted servant and came here. Mother's delicate health broke down. She has been practically an invalid all these four years.

Just eleven months ago, a long letter came from the zamindar. Father's innocence had been proved by the death-bed confession of Narayan Chetty. He had been seized suddenly by a dreadful epidemic and at the closing page of his book of life had repented and confessed. He had done the deed in pure revenge and bribed our friend to betray my poor father. The zamindar expressed sincere regret and offered any reparation possible.

We prayed and hoped father's soul had received peace. Now, do you wonder why I look like death and why I never smile?"

"What became of the friend of your father?"

"We learnt he was doing quite well."

"I wish I could meet the fellow and thrash him."

Sakuntala replied wearily "No, no. Why should we trouble ourselves? The destiny that makes and mars life can very well look after him."

That was in the early week of June. Gopal earnestly urged Sakuntala to fix the date of their marriage.

"I cannot understand what makes you hesitate, whenever I broach this subject. I have to leave for England at the beginning of August. Is it not natural that I should want to marry you immediately and install you in my home before I go?"

Sakuntala replied hesitatingly, "That is a matter seriously to be considered. I have spent some sleepless nights turning it over in my mind. I have come to the conclusion that marriage between us is........impossible."

Gopal turned startled eyes on her. "Are you mad, Sakuntala? Do you mean to say you will not marry me?"

"I am very sorry, but it is so. I shall not bring you happiness. After some time, you will rue the day you met me. Please try to forget me."

"Now I know that what people said of you had some truth You are coldness and cruelty personified. How can you have the heart to dismiss my devotion and love with a few unintelligible words?"

"I learnt that your parents were saying that I was marrying you because of your money. But it is not just for that, or such other groundless hints, that I am making this sacrifice. I deliberately give up the sweet joys of love and return to the old life, now a thousand-fold bitterer because of my glimpse of heaven. The world has tabooed me and human happiness is out of my reach. You will get disillusioned slowly, and then end by hating me heartily. Oh, God forbid I should be hated by you!"

"Sakuntala, think of your mother. The other day you spoke of her seemingly-improving look. But, darling, it is just the reverse. She is steadily sinking. Her hectic flush and bright look are but the last flicker of the dying lamp of life. Do you not understand what a consolation it will be for her to know she has entrusted you to me?"

Sakuntala exclaimed passionately, "This is another link in the chain of my destiny, which draws me tight into its boundaries. If mother dies, I shall never be again happy. You cannot marry a fossil like myself."

Gopal grasped her hands and wildly entreated, "Beloved, consider again and change your heart of stone. What has taken possession of you that you wilfully dash our cup of happiness to the ground?"

She gently withdrew her hands and turned her head away. Heavy tears slowly coursed down her cheeks. She brushed them aside and looked Gopal full in the face. "Oh, please. Do not make it harder for me. You cannot realise what I am suffering now."

Gopal turned passionately on her. "I do not think much of a woman, who breaks the law of God and Nature at a moment's notice. Well, I leave you to yourself just as you wish. You are turning me away from you in life. But I shall claim you in death! Good-bye."

He went out of the room without once, turning back. Sakuntala stood like a statue gazing at the doorway with dilated eyes. Pain and suffering lay stamped on every line of her face. A thousand lights danced in and out of her great eyes, making them look almost fearful.

A week passed away. Sakuntala lay on her bed waiting to pass the coming night with heart-rending thoughts and wide-open eyes, as she had done all the previous six nights. Tears would not come to her. Gopal had left Madras the very day after their last interview. His steamer for England had left yesterday. Her mother did not say anything, but her looks of reproach were but thinly veiled. Tick, tick, tick, tick, ticked away the clock on the wall. Minutes and hours hurried on, in an endless mad chase, brushing away the burden of human misery and suffering. Her weary eyes stared aimlessly at the wall. She had not even a picture of Gopal. But, what could a slip of cardboard mean, when his picture lay engraved on her heart with her life's blood? The mockery of her life! What an added sting to know that she hurt always, not only herself, but those around her!

Suddenly, her heart stood still. What was it that came upon her? Distinctly, clear as a bell, came a voice unforgetable, "Sakuntala, I am bidding an eternal good-bye to this world. Farewell, beloved, farewell."

Across sea, space and distance, came the call of the soul of her lover. She shivered and clasped her hands. So, this was the end. She had waited long for it. Dry choking sobs burst from her bosom. The misery of her super-charged soul stifled and strangled her. Hour after hour, she lay unmoving and crushed. The early peep of dawn found her still and ghastly, with vacant eyes staring above.

Parvati, the devoted servant of the family entered the room, when the clock was chiming the hour of eight. "Dear child, how late you are sleeping! Are you ill? Why, child, do you look like that?" She reached the side of Sakuntala and touched her. Immediately, she started back with a terrible cry. Sakuntala, the poor victim of circumstances, had gone to her everlasting rest.

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# IN THE REALM OF WOMEN

## (1) The Madras Annual Constituent Conference of the A. I. W. C.

It was with a great deal of interest that I listened to the resolutions passed under the presidency of Miss McDougall at the above conference. How different is such a concourse from that of men, and how distinct are its characteristics! The colour, and the flowing draperies, the gleam and the tinkle of jewels, the softness and delicacy of forms and features pervaded the room. These were good; but there was also somewhat of the casualness, the impulsiveness, the emotionalism and the restlessness of women apparent. There was also too much of talk in some parts of the audience, which was a little irksome to the others. With this, I am afraid, went a good deal of criticism of the speakers.

There was no doubt, however, that the meeting deserved a better audience than was present. Everything was in order. There was no confusion or overlapping. Time was carefully kept by the chairwoman; the speeches, made in English, Tamil and Urdu, were brief, precise, to the point and some of them most masterly in their exposition;

A New Lady M. L. A.

Miss T. K. Rajam, Head-mistress of the Girls' Secondary School. who has been nominated a Member of the Puducottah Legislative Assembly.

*Photo:—Indian News Agency, Srirangam.*

Srimathi Lakhwati Jani, a well-known writer, who is the first woman to be selected to the Punjab Legislative Council.

*(By Courtesy of the Illustrated Weekly of India.*

## A LADY STUDENT'S SUCCESS.

Miss Roma Bose, daughter of Mr. S. M. Bose, M.L.C. of Calcutta, who has just passed first in Philosophy in the M.A. examination of Calcutta University, scoring record marks, and securing a gold medal, is the most distinguished student of the year. She stood first among women in the Matriculation in 1927, securing a first grade scholarship of Rs. 20, the Keshabchandra Sen prize, etc; second in the I.A. examination in the University, securing the Duff Scholarship, besides a first grade scholarship of Rs. 25 and various other prizes; first class in the B.A. honours in Philosophy in 1931, winning the Jubilee post-graduate scholarship of Rs. 32, the Clint Memorial Prize, the Keshabchandra gold medal and prize, the Hemantakumar gold medal, the Protabchandra gold medal, the Gangamoni Devi gold medal, the William Smith prize etc. from the University, and the Hawkins gold medal and prize from the Scottish Church College as the best student of the year in Arts.

*Photos by Indian News Agency, Srirangam.*

Srimathi D. Sakkamma, a well-known philanthropist and Coffee Planter of Bangalore, who has been nominated member by the Mysore Govt. on the Women's Education Advisory Committee.

the resolutions were carefully-worded and well-thought-out. One was inclined to smile however, at the peremptoriness of some of them, apparent in the urging of immediate action of vital orders. The coercion implied a little too much of self-importance. It struck one also that there was too much advice given to Government and the public. It is all very well that resolutions should be thought of and passed. Without such, no public opinion can be formed. But there should be practicability too. There was no doubt that suggestions for practise were made, but I would like to see the A. I. W. C. depend more upon its own action and energy. If women wish to show their capability, they need to act, as well as preach. Co-operation also is very necessary, as was pointed out; and it is important that discussion should never be made the basis of personal antagonism. It was pleasant to see that the women of Madras were interesting themselves in the order and refinement of the town. It is good that they should seek to get rid of the beggar-nuisance, gambling, the vices of drink and drugs, cinema evils, and the dearth of public parks for adults and playgrounds for children. Emphasis also was rightly laid on the need for child-protection in factories and elsewhere, the better treatment of the depressed classes, the encouragement of *swadeshi* industries, the extension of physical culture, the prevention of cruelty to animals, and more help for women in moral danger. One was glad to see that all was not recrimination and regret for things undone, but that there was also something of gratitude and congratulation for things done, such as the support of the Sarda Act, the appointment of women lecturers in domestic science and Indian music. The following were some of the other resolutions passed:

1. "The Madras Constituent Women's Conference places on record its grateful appreciation of the glorious service that has been rendered to the whole world and particularly to India and to India's womanhood, by the late Dr. Annie Besant, and expresses its feeling of profound sorrow and irreparable loss to the country by her demise."

2. This Conference reviews with great joy and satisfaction the opening of the Lady Irwin College for Home Science at Delhi and regards this as the most important step forward in the educational progress of the whole of India.

3. This Conference urges upon the Government the great need of education for the masses and strongly recommends the immediate introduction of compulsory elementary education for both boys and girls, as well as the creation of greater facilities for adult education.

4. (*a*) This Conference supports Memorandum II of the All-India Women's Conference, with regard to franchise.

(*b*) This Conference unanimously demands non-communal electorates and the maximum voting strength for women.

(*c*) This Conference strongly recommends that a training for efficient citizenship should be instituted as a course of study in all educational institutions.

5. This Conference reiterates former resolutions urging the reform of marriage laws and equality in marital relationship in the Hindu community, and hence supports Sir Hari Singh Gour's Bill now before the Assembly.

6. This Conference urges upon the Government to pass immediate legislation giving rights of inheritance to women.

## (2) College education for women

One hears much of the unsuitability of the same curriculum for boys and girls. I was interested in the debate reported from Calcutta on the above subject at the Bengal women's education League. One of the ladies remarked:—"However excellent the student might be at her studies, not much is thought of her, unless she can play games, lend a helping hand in difficulties and accidents, is able to sew, cook and entertain. The womanly qualities so essential for success in a woman's life cannot be over-

looked. And out of college in the open play-fields are learnt valuable lessons of leadership and co-operation, mutual help, fair-play, mutual understanding and sympathy and friendship so dear to human hearts; while health of body and mind are prime considerations."

In this connection, I would like to quote what was said at the Manchester High School for girls about a course of advanced work on non-academic lines, not for examinations, but as a preparation for life. "They were attempting to correlate instruction in aspects of English History, Science, and Mathematics, on lines of modern social and economic developments, and to prepare women to take their places as active and forcible members of an educated democracy. This difficult and changing world was one in which the influence of women was needed more than it ever had been. Their outlook should be civic, national, and international. Much could be done, for example, in the cause of preserving the beauty of the country-side if, as individuals, they refused to tolerate unsightly petrol pumps, advertisements where they ought not to be and other disfigurements."

With difference in the curriculum, however, co-education is insisted on. As one lady said at the debate mentioned above:— "Woman's institution needs to be balanced by man's power of reasoned thought. Society must cherish the ideal of the give-and-take of real co-education, and get rid of social prejudices, before there can be that true harmony essential for successful co-education." The basis of mixture is indeed an inter-action of differences. As was said at Manchester:— "As far as general achievements are concerned, there is no real difference between men and women. The difference is more likely to be found in their attitude towards the giving and destroying of life."

### (3) Women's labour conference

It has been very instructive to read of the Bombay Provincial Women's Labour Conference, which met for the first time in India some while ago. Under the presidentship of Lady Vidyagaori Nilkanth, the conference did practical work as well as speaking, visiting with energy and zeal, many welfare and industrial institutions.

In her address, Lady Nilkanth stressed the need for improved conditions among women-workers in the slums. Their conditions were pitiable. Was it to be wondered at if criminality was encouraged? There was not only need for Government to carry out the Royal Commission's recommendations, but also the necessity for co-operation between employers and employed, so that hard work met its reward, and the earnings of industry were properly adjusted. There was also a special need for women to be looked after; and one of the best methods of helping them was to make arrangements by means of *creches* of the best sort, to look after the children, when the mothers were working. More schools for education of young ones and night classes for adults were also advocated.

In this connection, it would not be amiss to mention Miss Hawkins' views about women and children in industry, reported in the Y. W. C. A. news of South India. After extensive research, Miss Hawkins wrote of the regulated and the unregulated industries, two of the former of which are cotton and jute. Women and young people are employed in certain departments, especially in cotton, in Reeling and Winding, Ring-spinning, Mixing, Waste and cleaning. The working conditions, are not satisfactory, since the mills are not built suitably for hot climates, and crowding is common. There is also lack of light and ventilation, and want of sanitary arrangements.

The hours of work and intervals of rest are better for women than for men; but the former are also house-wives, and so their hours of work are really longer. Arrangements are not yet satisfactory with regard to food and medical service. The miserably low wages have to be raised.

With regard to "relationship" in work-rooms, Miss Hawkins is very doubtful. They can be summed up, she says, "as the whole problem of encouraging a system of untrained bribe-extorting subordinate supervision, with its inevitable attendants, insecurity of employment for the workers, and submission to injustice. When management in textiles turns its attention to the provision of decent subordinate supervision, most of the present industrial unrest will disappear; but management is slow to learn."

It is good, however, that women, as well as children or half-timers, are protected by the Factory Act. Women have been working in mines, but their employment there will soon cease. On plantations, much needs to be done, though employers are doing their best for their workers.

In unregulated industries, such as Beedi-making, tanneries, mica and shellac factories, wool-cleaning yards, carpet factories, many abuses have still to be removed.

"It is impossible," says Miss Hawkins, "for people working under such conditions, to become what it is their right to become, useful self-respecting citizens in the community. The industrial woman not only has the strain of her working life to endure, but she goes from the work-room to the crowded, noisy, insanitary housing the industrial city offers her, where, handicapped by lack of air, space and privacy, by ignorance of diet and health rules, by unhygienic and adulterated food, by low wages made lower by rapacious overlookers, she attempts the impossible task of home-making. She has no time for child-care even if she had the knowledge, and she has no time for education even if she had the energy, and she has no hope of anything better as long as she remains in industry, and there she must remain if the family income is to be maintained. The only hope of improving her lot lies primarily in the formation of a public opinion that will refuse to allow such a state of things to continue, and it is the responsibility of groups to help to form that public opinion."

In spite of the fact, however, that there is not much time for the woman-worker for education, attempts to remove illiteracy must be made. The Census report of 1921—31 brought to light the deplorable fact that the number of literate women was only 4,169,105 in 352 millions, while the percentage of female scholars was only 1 : 9. At the seventh annual conference of the Bombay Women's Committee, stress was laid on the need for literacy, as that alone would advance social reform. Therefore, it was said, "This conference notes with grave misgivings the volume of illiteracy prevailing among the masses and particularly the women of this country, as revealed by the last All-India Census and it accordingly requests all Provincial Governments, Municipal and District Boards to take immediate steps to abolish illiteracy from among the people of India within a prescribed period.

This Conference further records its earnest conviction that the new constitution of India should guarantee, as a fundamental right of Indian citizenship, instruction up to a prescribed minimum stage to every boy and girl within the country, free of charge to the parents.

This Conference urges upon the Government the necessity for making the teaching of reading and writing compulsory for all illiterate prisoners in the jails of India."

We would recommend these resolutions to women in other provinces of India, besides Bombay.

### (4) Health of School-children

One has been hearing much lately, from private visitors, from the reports of health-officers, and finally from the members of leprosy surveys, of the sanitary defects of Corporation schools, says the *Madras Mail.* Crowding of space, want of good ventilation and lack of sanitary arrangements, are deplored. We hear also that very little attention is paid to schools for girls, as compared to that given to schools for boys. Such a state of affairs needs to be remedied. "The excuse that more work cannot be undertaken owing to lack of funds cannot be tolerated. In the first place, there is no matter on which money can be spent more

rightly than on the health of children; in the second, it seems that schools had better be closed down than improperly managed."

A great deal must be done to show teachers how to encourage health principles. The children themselves must be taught to follow them, "through developing in each child a conciousness of the evil of breaking them. Teachers should not only preach laws, but should also insist on the laws being observed. Therefore, health study should be insisted on in each school. As years pass, and generations advance, what took infinite patience at first to inculcate will become a general and natural principle."

It is gratifying to note that the need to foster the health of school-children in schools was emphasized at the Session of the All-India Women's Conference held recently in Madras. Simpler buildings with better conveniences were advocated, instead of grand schools, over-crowded and unclean.

### (5) Women's education in Travancore

The report on the Committee on Educational reforms in Travancore, as noted in the *Hindu*, has diclosed that women's education is more advanced in that state than anywhere else in India, except in Cochin. The percentage of literate girls between 15 and 20 is 27. Co-education, it is said, is largely the cause for this advance; 65 per cent of school-going girls study in boys' schools. Yet, the system of co-education is not consistent. It is chiefly allowed only in the primary stage, though even here separate schools are maintained; and the women's branch of the educational department has not concerned itself much with other schools. "The Committee has made the recommendation that the question of provision for schools should be viewed, not in terms of how many boys' schools are wanted and how many girls' schools are wanted, but of how many primary schools are required to raise the percentage of children at school to the utmost maximum possible. In future, therefore, the Committee says, education at the primary stage should be common."

It is interesting that in Travancore opinion favours the same curriculum of study for boys and girls. Not so pleasant, however, is the fact disclosed that this sameness is required, in order to be a means of securing employment for women, and for successfully competing with men in public. We are glad that the committee condemns this view and insists on extra subjects for girls, which would "brighten and improve their home conditions and introduce modern and improved methods of family and household management." Domestic science, compulsory up to the fifth form and optional after that, and training and music optionally in the higher classes are recommended. Suggestions are also made that women should be placed in charge of the primary classes, as being more suitable than men, and as being better inculcators of such necessary subjects as kindergarten, the Montessori system for children, and sowing, home-craft and singing for girls.

### (6) Nayar Women

A Conference of Nayar women met lately at Trevandrum, as an annex to the United Nayar Conference, which proved how anxious some Nayar men were for the advance of their ladies. While eulogising the culture and liberty of the Nayar women of old, who had been the mothers of many heroes, their present unsatisfactory condition was deplored. The President, Sri Parakutty Amma, mentioned the first Nayar Ladies' Conference, since when women's education had advanced. The work particularly of the late Sri Chinna Amma, who had founded the "Hindu Mahilamandiram", was praised. Much more work of the same kind needed to be done; there was a great need for unity, there was also much organisation necessary, as was found among Christian women.

### (7) Indian Women in Malaya

The difference between these and Indian women in India was expressed in *Stri-Dharma* by Mrs. E. V. Davies, who has lived in Malaya and made an extensive tour through India. She said that generally the

former were more backward in education and culture; though the better class of immigrant women (leaving out the coolies) were educated, knowing their mother-tongue well, and also a good deal of English. The Straits-born Indian women, however, were not, as a majority, literate; where they were so, they preferred English to the Vernacular. They were also not interested in Indian affairs, their conservatism perhaps being due "to their close contact with the unprogressive Malay women, whose language and customs the Straits-born Indian women have largely adopted."

The Indian Malay women, however, were more broad-minded and more friendly with other castes, creeds and nations. They were also neater in their way of living, which was perhaps on a higher scale than in India.

### (8) Elections for Women

Going through Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi's speech to the *Chicago Congress of women*, I was struck by the following: "Creative citizenship is a subject that ought to concern women more than men, because woman is the producer of the race and the mother of all creation." Such a conception starts at the home, widens through families, countries and nations, till it embraces the world, and prepares for world-citizenship. Dr. Reddi is very brave in looking forward so far ahead. But the franchise rights she talks of have been only newly acquired; and it is the duty of Indians to see that they are first properly exercised in India. The greatest difficulty in the way seems to be *purdah*, and we are aware of how judgment was lately pronounced that it is better for voting women to give up their purdah. This view has quite rightly, however, been criticised by the Muslims of Tinnevelly, who thought it possible to find means to let purdah ladies vote in purdah.

In this connection, Mrs. Lakhawati Jain, who has been elected to the Punjab Legislative Council, and whose photo we give here, mentions in the *Mahratta* some of the drawbacks to which women have been subjected with regard to elections. She points out that, owing to the lack of the party-system, candidates have to canvass votes for themselves, and many evils are given rise to, of which we know well. One of these is the humouring of people from door to door. Such a procedure, as she admits, is very hard for a woman to follow owing both to conviction and natural feelings. Many actually consider it an act of disgrace and indignity to go to the polling booth! Some of the few women voters are old, uneducated, or women who hardly go out of their homes; others are more "modern", but "have worthier things to spend their time on. In their opinion it is something degrading to go to a place which the common ones frequent." Such an attitude ought really to be deprecated, if it were not for the fact that the atmosphere of the polling station is really sometimes an appalling one, not only common, but also vulgar, noisy and ribald, and one which respectable Indian women naturally cannot put up with. Therefore, as Mrs. Jain remarks:—

"Unless and until a very large number of our women are enfranchised, so that they get over the feeling of strangeness, until separate polling booths are provided with women polling officers, Indian women will never take any active interest in the elections."

There is again the difficulty of giving wrong ages at the Census. There are many reasons for this defect, which are dealt with by a daily paper in Madras. Ignorance, illiteracy and superstition are very often the causes, which can, however, quite easily and gradually be obviated by the imparting of knowledge and confidence.

There is a doubt, however, that even given all advantages of voting, and of being voted to assemblies and councils, women cannot be of as much use as men there. Even with regard to the House of Commons, we are told by the *Madras Mail*, that surprise is expressed because the names of women M. P.'s do not often appear in debates. Still, it is edifying to note that such ladies are very useful, not only as faithful attenders

and listeners, but also as deep thinkers, who without fuss accomplish much that is good in the interests of their country. By delicate wit and humour, by resourcefulness and good argumentativeness, by consultation and advice, by practicality and persistence, and not by resort to the wiles of femininity or to the aggressive aping of manhood, do they quietly accomplish their purpose. The Duchess of Atholl, Miss Rathbone, Viscountess Astor, Miss Horsbrugh, Mrs. Mavis Tate, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Runge, Mrs. Ward, Miss Ward, Mrs. Copeland, the Hon. Mary Pickford, Lady Iveagh, Miss Cazalet, Miss Megan Lloyd Geogse, are some of the well-known M.P's of England. Even in South Africa, there is a woman M.P., who, as *The Natal Witness* states, deals eagerly with social welfare work.

"The women are still a novelty in the House," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "but they are making their way quietly and steadily, and are displaying wisdom in talking wisely and not too often."

How we wish that would happen in India!

### (9) Nursing

The Quadrennial Congress of the International Council of Nurses held at Paris and Brussels in July 1933, brings to light the extraordinary international importance of the grand profession of nursing. It is pleasant to note that twenty-one countries were represented at some of the meetings, *viz.*, France, Great Britian, United States of America, Germany, Canada, Denmark, Ireland, Holland, India, New Greenland, Belgium, China, Norway, South Africa, Bulgaria, Philippines, Sweden, Jugoslavia, Irish Free State, Poland, Greece. That nursing was not to be despised as a common duty of life was evidenced by the goodwill and thought brought to bear on the meetings, and by the fellings of pride expressed in ideals of the profession, which to many was a loved one. The definition of a Trained Nurse was laid down as follows:—"A trained nurse should be a person of good general educational and cultural background, who has completed a period of professional preparation in nursing, of approximately three years, as a full time student in a recognised school of nursing, under a fully qualified nursing and medical staff. This training should have prepared her to give expert nursing care to medical and surgical patients of both sexes and of all ages, including the mental as well as the physical aspects of nursing and the preventive as well as the curative aspects." It was also emphasized that the study of ethics and ethical problems should form a part of nursing tuition. Finally, the keynote to the whole, connecting India with the other nations, was struck in the farewell speech of the retiring President, Miss Abram:—"At the present time when the eyes of the world are turned towards India, owing to the critical and epoch-making period through which she is passing, we would like you, our friends, to turn prayerful thoughts towards India and to bear in mind that, beneath the dust and battle of politics, the strands of friendship and mutual understanding are ever more closely knit by the unselfish efforts and work of educated men and women of every profession, irrespective of race or creed. In our profession above all others, we may perhaps feel sure that the desire to serve and heal will always, in the future as in the past, help to strengthen those sound foundations, on which all thoughtful people build, and on which we earnestly hope to see a new 'League of Nations', if one may so call it, arise within the shores of India."

### (10) Women as Ministers of the Church

A great deal of controvery is going on at present in England as to whether women should be Ministers of the Church or not. All these years it was thought that women should not preach in the pulpit, and that the domestic role was the only fit one for women, but times are changing now, and many are the supporters of the women's cause.

The Rev. A. D. Belden, of Whitefields Central Mission, in appealing for women to be admitted to the ministry of churches, made the following remarks recently at a

Conference of the Society for the ministry for women, with Miss Maud Royden in the chair :—

"The great preponderance of women in our churches calls very urgently for feminine leadership.

We are not going to win our fight purely by the rational arguments we can put forward. The proportion of church women who are flinging themselves into public life is disappointing in a ghastly fashion.

The outlook of the majority of the women in our Churches is still bound fast to the idea that the domestic role is the only true one for women, and so long as you leave the Churches entirely in the hands of male leadership that belief will continue.

While we are tremendously grateful for what leading women are doing in our Churches, nevertheless the bulk of this feminine leadership is entirely untrained. With the exception of a small proportion of Deaconesses in our Free Churches, the feminine leadership is left entirely in the hands of wealthy women. And wealth, after all, is not entirely a good substitute for brains."

He said that there was a great need for the feminine outlook in the pulpit.

### (11) Village Institutes in England

It is instructive to read of the Women's Institute movement in Great Britain, which has run through eighteen years. It started with a small group, says the *Times Educational Supplement*, in a Welsh village, in order to give some interest to the lives of the women there. They met once a month to exchange ideas and to improve mutual knowledge. Now, there are 5,000 such institutes, with a membership of about 300,000 women. A great feature of these organizations, the idea for which was brought from Canada by Mrs. Watt, is to level all social differences. As a result, knowledge of every kind is shared. The ancient family hand-crafts, such as quilting, glove and lace-making, together with modern work, have been renewed and spread throughout the country, and exhibited at exhibitions of all kinds. As a result, extra money is made in small cottages, and homely comforts have been increased. Flower and vegetable growing, market-gardening, agriculture, house-hold produce, the cleaning and beautifying of the countryside, cooking etc., have all benefitted. Backward women have been brought forward, social service and citizenship are studied, and life has become more varied and useful. It is time that such institutes were started in Indian villages.

**(12)** We are glad that Indian women are large-hearted enough to interest themselves in women's movements outside India. We read that Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Singh, have greatly helped social welfare among the Indians of Pretoria. The child-welfare and maternity centres in the Asiatic bazaar there, are doing useful work and are helped by Indian ladies. There is also the Indian Women's Association, started by Kunwarani Lady Maharaj Singh, which promises well.

* * *

As in India, so in China, the advance of women has been rapid. Of old, there were hardly any respectable women who went outside their homes; even in their physique liberty was beyond their little tightly-bound feet. There was no education worth the name for girls, while there was much done for the boys; no Chinese girl was allowed to choose her husband, nor was she allowed the right of divorce. Now, according to the "*News Chronicle*", there is a vast change. Girls and women go about happily everywhere, singly or in company; they dance, they sing, they attend school; they claim equal rights with men in marriage and divorce.

There have been of course some bad results from this liberty; for instance, in 1911, there were women fighters, pirates, bandits and communists; there were companionate marriages. But these are only exceptions, and charming is the new Chinese woman.

There is for example, Miss Tseng, who was educated in England and went back to China to open a Girls' College in Central China. There is Miss Soumi Cheng, who took her law degree in Paris, and practises very successfully in China. There is Miss Lin Man-Chin, who actually travelled to Tibet and arranged a successful treaty with the ruler there.

* * *

It is pleasant to note, according to the *Manchester Guardian* that women are on an equal academical status with men in the Universities of Australia. Degrees are conferred on them equally. About 40 to 50 per cent. of the students in Sydney and Melbourne are women. In the Melbourne University, however, the same constitutional rights as for men are not granted to them.

There is usually one woman to twenty men on the representative councils. Yet women have the same privileges as men, where the various social institutions are concerned; there being usually a man and a woman secretary to a committee composed equally of both sexes. In intellectual and political societies, as well as in social ones, women take an active part.

Yet, we are told, that there is a feeling of hopelessness in these students, as they near graduation; for they seldom find anything to do after. Except to those, who take technical degrees, there are no professions open; into the only two open to them, graduates in arts find it hard to get an entrance. *Journalism* is already overstocked. *Teaching* means an extra year at the university, even though it offers work at the end; yet it is not suited to many. It is no wonder, therefore, that graduates of Australian Universities are doing their best to get out of Australia, even if only to get a bare living in Europe.

* * *

Italian women under fascism, according to the *Morning Post*, quoted in the *Hindu*, have been given equal rights with the men, except in political voting, though they are free to become party-members and take part in professional syndicates. Inspired by Signor Mussolini, they have realised their responsibilites. There is a Fascist Women's Party, which is affiliated to the central body and is allowed to form parallel branches with those of the men. They are able to assist political propaganda by educational, social, health and charity activities.

The interests of Italian women seem to be well-guarded. The Labour Act protects the workers; there is a law in favour of illegitimate children, which helps their mothers to look after them. There is a law for the protection of maternity and childhood. There is, finally, the Mother-hood Insurance Act.

Italian women, therefore, have a chance to interest themselves in professional and educational activities. They throng to clubs and Universities for culture. Above all, Italian women, led by Queen Margarita, are doing noble service in the re-organzation of social and moral conditions.

* * *

It is notable that there are now women detectives in London, three women having actually been appointed to Scotland yard. Starting from the ranks, they have proved their usefulness, and have succeeded in cases where men have failed. We know that there was great opposition at first to the appointment of women in the Police Force; but gradually prejudices have been overcome; It was Lord Byng, who made the first move and made Miss Dorothy Peto, Superintendent of a Women's section.

In this connection, the resolution quoted in the *Stri-Dharma*, as passed at the twenty-sixth Annual Conference of the Women's Freedom League, held recently, is noteworthy; "This Conference reiterates its demand for the necessity for Women Prison-Commissioners, Women Governors, and Women Medical Officers in all women's sections of prisons, Women Inspectors of Prisons, and Women Police, so that it shall be obligatory on all police authorities throughout England, Wales and Scotland, to appoint women police as an integral part of their forces; also for an equal number of women of equal status with

men on the Board of Control; and insists upon the recognition of an equal moral standard for men and women, and the raising of the age of consent to eighteen, with a similar provision for boys."

* * *

We are glad to hear from the *Stri-Dharma* that three Professorships at the Istanbul University have been for the first time given to women.

* * *

A woman has been the inventor of an unique contraption in Paris. Mlle. Suzanne Biget has made a non-inflammable and non-submersible suit, which enables the wearer to plunge flaming through air into a pool of water, and come out unhurt.

* * *

It is said that women will play an important part as tax collectors in the years to come in England. Appointments to the collectorate of women is increasing, and a number of women have been selected as Assistant Collectors on trial.

**(13)** The Tamil Nadu Constituent Conference of the All-India Women's Conference on education and Social Reform was held in November at Salem, under the presidency of Begum Mir Amiruddin, the wife of the District and Session Judge, Salem. The chair-woman of the Reception Committee, Mrs. R. D. Paul, in welcoming the delegates, referred to the great and urgent need for social service, and appealed to all women to contribute their quota towards the uplift of the womanhood of India.

The President, in the course of her address, adverted to the awakening of the womanhood of this country. The All-India Women's Conference had contributed no small quota towards the advancement of India's womanhood, as it had drawn the women of the country out of their seclusion and aroused within them a consciousness of their duties and responsibilities. The most urgent desideratum to the future progress of the country was the eradication of the inveterate malady of illiteracy from among the rank of its women and girls. The local bodies in Tamil Nadu should be requested to direct their immediate attention to the education of the masses. Salem ranked as one of the last districts in the Presidency in regard to female education, and the introduction of compulsory elementary education simultaneously for boys and girls was very necessary. Moreover, a new orientation should be given to the education of girls, so that the homes of the future may become a centre of culture, beauty and happiness. The absence of moral instruction in schools was deplored.

The social problems affecting women all broke onthe bed rock of massignorance. The root cause of the social ills from which the country was now suffering was child-marriage. The Sarda Act had failed to fulfil one's expectations; and it was necessary that all marriages should be registered, and District Magistrates should be empowered to issue injunctions stopping the performance of marriages infringing its provisions.

The legal disabilities of Hindu women, in respect of personal and proprietary rights, had to be removed, as had been in some measure done in Baroda and Mysore.

With regard to Muslim women, the laws of Islam stood out as clear landmarks of their emancipation; but in Muslim Society sometimes custom over-rode the law. The divorce law of the Muslim was an instance, and there was necessity for a stipulation granting women the right to divorce for cruelty, or on the happening of certain contingenies, like the second marriage of the husband.

The restrictions of purdah now prevalent in Muslim society were more or less the creation of later times and had no reference to religion. Islam did not enjoin the seclusion of women; though it did not approve, and very rightly too, of unrestrained intercourse between men and women. Muslim women were not forbidden to take part in public meetings and attend to public avocations of life; but they were required to be dressed according to the laws of propriety and to

conduct themselves c̄ modesty & decorum

conduct themselves with modesty and decorum.

There was the necessity for women being granted equal rights of citizenship.

The Holy Koran and Manu had proclaimed such in memorable words. The Indian Statutory Commission had rightly observed that "If the wealth of capacity in the women of India, that is now largely wasted through lack of opportunity, be made available to the country, the immense gain resulting therefrom would ensure its rapid progress."

Finally, women must not forget the dictum that "A nation that thinks in terms of tomorrow, moves on; a nation that thinks in terms of yesterday perishes." They must unite in a common purpose, a larger vision and a broader outlook on life. There was great hope for the future; and, if Indian women would proceed with due caution, not disrupting their homes, but eschewing excesses and maintaining proper equilibrium, they would, with the help of God, soon rank among the foremost women of the world.

AN INDIAN WOMAN

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# MY LONGING FOR THEE

**(By Ammini)**

As the soul in torment longs for Paradise, so do I long for thee.

As the man dying in the desert thirsts for the water of life, so do I thirst for thee.

As the bird, that loses its life-mate, cries in desolate despair, so do I cry and call for thee.

As the creeper, that is cut off from the tree that supports it, falls aground and withers, so do I wither away from thee.

As the blind man, that has lost his guide, gropes his way in the dark and wavers, so do I grope to find thee.

As the flock, that has lost its shepherd, runs about bleating, so do I wander about in search of thee.

As the man in agony of limb longs for the balm of life, so do I long for thee.

As the man, that dies of starvation, hungers for the bread of life, so do I hunger for thee.

As the bird bereft of wings has lost its power of flight, so have I lost the urge for life.

* * *

O soul, in whom my soul found repose; O spirit, in whom my spirit found kindred; O heart, in whom my heart found its mate; O companion of my soul and spirit, O supporter of my spirit's ambition, O consoler of my hearts bitter pangs, O friend and comrade of my worldly life, O helping adviser in the path of my salvation, O lover of my spiritual self. Life is life with thee; Life is very death apart from thee.

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# IS NOT MAN SUPERIOR TO WOMAN ?

Prithi Chand Bhatia in the article extolling womanhood has certainly struck a note that women are in no way inferior to men, and illustrated and developed the point, taking personages from history and literature. Much as one would like to have women taking their place as equal partners, or even superior partners, in life, there can be no gainsaying the fact that women from time immemorial (from the days of Adam and Eve) have occupied a subordinate, though kindly, part in the affairs of the world. To give a place in the world for women as superior to men is

frankly not to be yet; for the world has not yet been prepared for such a revolution, which would be a catastrophe at the present rate of development.

A few great women throughout the ages do not make up a case for supremacy. "Frailty, thy name is woman" has not yet been taken out from the social axioms of the world to-day. It is not every woman that is a channel swimmer, and not every Amy a renowned flier. Nor is every woman a Damayanti or a Nur Jehan. The bravery and chivalry of the Middle Ages, if valued at their proper worth, come exactly to what Cervantes exposed in his Don Quixote.

Men and women, given equal opportunities are likely to come out prominently in all the affairs of the world. But, as we are human, and have all the limitations of human frailties operating upon us, equal opportunities are not avilable for both the sexes, with the result that we have all the differences now apparent and the cry of superiority and inferiority.

N. RAMABHADRAN

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# OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

## (1) Bharati and her horse

This story refers to a momentous day about twenty years ago, when Bharati was still but a child of ten, and when only the very rich could afford to buy cars. Horses were used much more in those days than they are to-day, and almost every middle-class family possessed a carriage and horse.

Bharati's mother and father had not as yet invested in this luxury, and it was their daughter's fervent wish that they should buy a little governess cart and a small pony. One day, however, Mr. Govindan called Bharati to him and said, "I have a great secret for you. Guess what it is."

"Oh father, what is it, tell me quickly," cried Bharati, wildy excited.

"I'll give you three guesses. Now, try," said her father, smiling at his daughter's exuberance.

"You've got me a lovely doll," exclaimed Bharati breathlessly.

"No, wrong; try again," was Mr. Govindan's comment.

"We are going to have a picnic on the beach."

"Quite wrong. This is something much more important."

"Oh, I know, you have asked the Rajah of Sripur for his car, and you are going to take us for a moon-light ride."

"Wrong again, my dear, but I won't keep you in suspense any longer. Close your eyes, and give me your hand."

Bharati tightly screwed up her eyes and her father led her out to the front door and said, "Now open them."

Madly excited, she looked, and there, before her eyes, was the prettiest little governess cart, with a fat brown pony harnessed to it.

It is needless to recount how delighted Bharati was. Suffice it to say that she and the pony soon became fast friends, and she christened it "Puggy." The pony used to whinny most delightedly whenever Bharati went near him, and shake his lovely mane, and swish his long tail. Every morning, she used to give him a lump of sugar and some bread with her own hands, and often she was allowed to hold the reins while the coachman drove.

One day, however, Puggy seemed to be in a bad mood. It had been a strenuous week for him, as visitors had come to stay with the Govindans, and Puggy had been over-worked. Also, he was sickening for

fever, and all these things made him suddenly feel that he should revolt from his work. The Govindans did not know that he was not feeling well, otherwise they would have given him rest, and had the doctor in to see him. Mr. Govindan had to go to his office at the usual hour, and Bharati had to be dropped at her school on the way. Puggy jogged along patiently, then, hearing a tram come behind him, he suddenly swerved on to the lines and stood still. In vain did the coachman try to move him out of the way; but he would not budge, and it was too late for the tram to stop dead. The tram driver applied his breaks, however, which stopped its speed to a certain extent, and then——the tram hit the cart, and Bharati was sent flying on to her father's knees, while the coachman nearly broke his neck. No one was seriously hurt, however, but they had all had a shock, and little Bharati was in tears, so they drove home, and when Puggy was unharnessed it was found that he was ill.

No one felt more sorry over the whole affair, however, than Puggy himself. He showed signs of sorrow, and in his horse language asked Bharati to forgive him a thousand times, which of course, Bharati did. Puggy was cured in three days, and was fit to work again; but Mr. Govindan was careful never to over-work him after that little accident.

### (2) Our Letter to our young people

DEAR CHILDREN,

Do you ever have dreams as to what you are going to do in the years to come? Do you ever think out your career, scheme elaborate plans, and build castles in the air? Most children have a wish to take up a certain profession. Many a time has the boy, who has been asked what he intends to be in the future, promptly replied, "I'll be a judge," or more often, "I'll be an engine-driver," or some such fantastic thing. Naturally, being an engine-driver appeals more to young people, as it seems a much more spectacular and impresive occupation than being a judge.

Whether childish ambitions ever come true is another matter; but the fact remains, that, when a child shows a certain aptitude towards some particular art or occupation, he becomes an adept at it when he grows older, provided that he has encouraged his natural tastes, and tried to develop them. Thus Pope, the great poet, says that, when he was still young,
he "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," and by working on, be became world-famous.

Writing is an art that often shows itself when its possessor is still young. It is a wonderful gift, and one that ought to be encouraged. It needs time and patience, and therefore, many people shirk taking up writ'ng as a profession. They would much rather do something that needs less effort and strain on their part, which seems rather a pity.

If any of you find you are inclined to write stories, or descriptive sketches or little verses, sit and write them at once. It does not matter if they are bad, and if they are good think how wonderful it will be to become an author. This magazine is always willing to consider contributions from young people for the children's pages, so, if you have written anything, send it along and if it is not good enough it will be returned.

There is nothing like cultivating an art young, so, if you are at all inclined to be artistic, work at the gift that has been given to you, whether it is music or painting, and see how many famous people India will produce in the future.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI

# CHUGHTAI, THE GREAT INDIAN ARTIST

Most of us are familiar with Chughtai's paintings —those beautiful masterpieces of art, whimsical and delicate, romantic and elusive, and some of them so hard to understand. To those of us, who can appreciate Indian painting, and at the same time know nothing of its technique, a perusal of the article by Mr. G. Venkatachalam on "the Art of Chughtai," published in the July-August number of the "Triveni" will come in very useful.

The writer says that Indian civilisation has been influenced for many centuries by two civilisations, that of the Aryan Hindu, and that of the Semetic Arab. "India and Persia have mutually influenced each other from the dim past of their history, and the Moghul conquest of India was the culmination of their cultural contact and artistic affinity." Indian painting is a continuous story of this give and take; "and the art ideals and art forms of these two countries are not equal and opposite, but different and complementary."

Distinguishing the one from the other, Mr. Venkatachalam says that Hindu art is "virile, aggressive, awe-inspiring and masculine," and Islamic art is "tender, graceful, persuasive, pretty, pleasing, and feminine. Hindu art is idealistic, otherworldly, symbolic, ornate, and massive, while Islamic art is realistic, courtly, æsthetic, pure, and decorative." Ajanta and Elephanta are typical examples of Hindu art, and the Taj and Mughal miniatures personify Islamic art.

In modern Indian painters, both these characteristics are evident. Chughtai is a typical Muslim artist, whereas Nandalal Bose's paintings are wholly Hindu. Chughtai's personality is clearly seen in his work, which is "gentle, generous, sensitive, and romantic." It is based on Persian outlook and tradition. His lines flow freely, his colours are soft and there is an exquisite finish of his brush. As he is a descendent of a great Moghul artist, who was responsible for the Pearl Mosque in Delhi and the Jasmine Tower in Agra, it is not surprising that Chughtai reflects his Persian feeling and impulse, especially in "the architectural backgrounds in his paintings."

Chughtai studies the characteristics of Hindu gods and heroes as carefully as he does Persian and Muslim authorities, and therefore, his interpretations of Radha and Krishna and Arjuna are as good as those dealing with Persian subjects. His vision has been enlarged after his visit to Europe and he is universally appreciated. "Besides being a painter, he is a craftsman and can cut and carve and even print and publish his own books."

PADMINI SATTHIANADHAN

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# BOOK-NOTES

***A thesis on the legal rights of women under different communal laws in vogue in India*:**

By R. V. Mehta; price Re. 1.

A very useful book in the cause of social reform.

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*Tear drops*:—by N. Narayana Menon; Arthur H. Stockwell, London; 2 sh.

This is an English translation of a Malayalam poem, being twelve topics of grief on the death of the poet's wife.

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*Rabindranath Tagore ; his religious, social and political ideals ;* by Dr. Tarak Nath Das ; Re. 1.

The outstanding thoughts of Tagore are expressed, bringing out many ideas in common with Gandhi ; it shows that Tagore is a man, a social reformer, a Rishi, a prophet, a nationalist and a citizen of the world.

* * *

*Kamala,* or *The fate of a fair widow*; by "Manmohan"; as. 4. "It tells the story of a young widow, who, unhappy at home and worried by a lover, finally kills herself.

* * *

*Child up-bringing and the New Psychology.*

Oxford University Press.

This book deals with the difficulties of character, which evolve when children are growing up ; it deals with some extraordinary problems of adjustment. "The new medico-psychology" tries to help parents to dispel their ignorance about apparent disorders, and leads to the normal development of their children.

* * *

*Our relation to children*; by Rev. C. W. Leadbeater ; Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras ; as. 3.

This book explains that children are improved, not only by the actions and words of their elders, but also by their thoughts.

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*Heroines of India;* The Teachers' Publishing House, Madras.

This is meant for the earliar forms and tells the stories of ancient Indian heroines.

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# OUR CHESS PAGE

**By Bharadwaja**

I present for this month a rare evening's entertainment for those who appreciate good chess spiced with dash and brilliancy. Carlos Torre was the winner after 33 moves against Morris A. Schapiro of Manhattan Chess Club.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED.

| | Torre (White) | | | Schapiro (Black) |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | P–Q 4 | ... | ... | P–Q 4 |
| 2. | P–Q B 4 | ... | ... | P–K 3 |
| 3. | Kt–K B 3 | ... | ... | Kt–K B 3 |
| 4. | B–Kt 5 | ... | ... | P–K R 3 |
| 5. | B x Kt | ... | ... | Q x B |
| 6. | Kt–B 3 | ... | ... | P–B 3 |
| 7. | P–K 3 | ... | ... | Kt.-Q. |
| 8. | B–Q 3 | ... | ... | Q–Q. |
| 9. | Castles. | ... | ... | B–K 2 |
| 10. | P–K 4 | ... | ... | P x B P |
| 11. | B x P | ... | ... | Castles. |
| 12. | Q–K 2 | ... | ... | P–Q Kt 4 |
| 13. | B–Q 3 | ... | ... | Q–Kt 3 |
| 14. | P–K 5 | ... | ... | R–Q |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 15. | Q–K 4 ... ... | Kt–B |
| 16. | K R–Q. Not Q–Kt 4 at once, for then P–K B 4 | B–Kt 2 |
| 17. | Q–Kt 4 ... | P–QB 4 |
| 18. | Kt–K 4 ... ... | P–B 5 (But this is over-confidence. 18. B x Kt; 19 B x B, QR–B; is safe and favourable. |
| 19. | Kt–B 6 ch ... ... | B x Kt (19 K–R 20 Kt–Kt 5 wins) |
| 20. | P x B. ... ... | P–Kt 3 |
| 21. | Q–R 4 ... ... | P–K 4. |
| 22. | P x P (22. Q x P, Q x BP; 23. P x P, Q–Kt 2; 24. Q x Q ch, K x Q; 25. B–K 2, Kt–K 3; Black stands well ... ... | B x Kt |
| 23. | Q x P ... ... | Kt–K 3. |
| 24. | B x Kt P ... ... | P x B. |
| 25. | Q x P ch ... ... | K–B (25. K–R; 26. Q–R 6 ch, K–Kt; 27. P x B was the problematic alternative. |
| 26. | P x B ... ... | Q–K 2 |
| 27. | P–B 4 ... ... | Kt–Q 5 loses outright. The saving clause is hidden: for instance, 27. ... Q–B6; 28. Q–R6 ch and 29. P–B 7 ch. |
| 28. | R x Kt ... ... | R x R |
| 29. | P–K 6 ... ... | R–Q 2. |
| 30. | R–K ... ... | R–K. |
| 31. | Q x R ch ... ... | Resigns. |

Here is a poem by Reginald B. Cooke on ***Disaster in Chess***:

## DISASTER

"What darkness falls o'er my precious path!
  What gloom obfuscates my bewildered mind!
It seems as if some overwhelming wind
  Has swept away all hope. The aftermath
Now dulls my anxious thoughts, as though a bath
  Of flaming brimstone left my senses blind.
Surely my reason must be undermined,
  As by some thunderstorm of wrath.
And now the worst is overestimate;
  How great the loss which leaves me thus forlorn.
After long hours of stubborn thought, false Fate
  Subjects me to a cruel foreman's scorn.
What hope remains? Ah, is it too late?
  Have I irrevocably lost a—PAWN?"

In the next number, a Johnson, and Boswell imaginary conversation on Chess will be published.

All correspondence relating to chess should be addressed to Bharadwaja, C/o. The Indian Ladies' Magazine, Madras.

# CINEMA NOTES

## The Needs of Indian films

Mr. Sanjeeva Rao of Hyderabad writes that the first factor needed for a successful film is a good story, not written under compulsion for a contract or for a livelihood, but just from inspiration, as it were. And this story should be "carefully prepared, and made in conference between the producer, writer, director and technicians."

As regards the theme for the story, religious or mythological tales, though usually depicted, are not of much interest, because the end is usually known. There is no *thrill* or *suspense*; and the veneration for the hero and the *Bhakthi* for the God wear out and become stale. An orginal story is indicated, and often it should be meant for amusement.

Again, the activities of supernatural beings, and the miracles of superstition should not be introduced too much, but the film should try to be as true to nature as possible. "Life is a wonderful thing, and its workings are mysterious. Its humour, its joy, its tragedy, its mystery, its suspense and its necessities provide ample material to build up an enchanting story."

In a love story, full significance should be given to romance and the psychological development of it; characters should be worked upon, and the accompaniments of reserve, modesty, wonder, attraction, should be carefully exploited.

But, when such stories are depicted, care should be taken to keep up the dignity of the East, instead of allowing merely the open love-making of the West. The traditional modesty of Indian women should not be violated. Also, the costumes should not be too gorgeous, the jewels not too many, as for festive occasions; but everything should be simple and natural to daily life.

Then again, the great disadvantage in an Indian talkie is that India is a country of several dialects and languages. Mr. S. Rao, therefore, advises the plentiful introduction of explanatory titles.

He suggests also a small school of acting for lads, along with manual and general training. In this way, many illiterate "heroes" can be given a small conception at least of the art required of them.

Finally, constructive criticism is needed, but it should be tactfully given, so as not to be harsh or dismaying. Competitions should be instituted for photo-plays and for suggestions. "Stimulation and encouragement offered to deserving Indian youths has led to astonishing results, and already our Indians are leading other nations in different aspects of life. I have, therefore, a strong conviction that, with the aid of the requisite stimulation and encouragement, it will not be long before our films will be efficient enough to lead other nations and be able to capture international markets."

G.K.S. in *Sound and Shadow* emphasises the need for true art. He quotes Ruskin on the subject, "Art, properly so called is no recreation; it must be understood and undertaken seriously, or not at all. To advance it, men's lives must be given and to receive it, their hearts."

What is the principle of art? "An emotional impulse is the basis of all artistic expression, and the degree of effectiveness is the sole measure of excellence." And the test of art is *taste*, or *Rasa*. "So a work of art, whether it is a symphony, a poem, a play, a painting, a bronze or a ballet, requires of its creator a broad and deep understanding of the elements represented, fused with extraordinary skilful technique by an impelling and emotional urge to create; and of the spectator a good knowledge acquired by long and patient study of the canons of that art and a cultivated taste." Therefore, the appreciation of art is as necessary in the spectator as in the actor.

# DANCING IN INDIA

Menaka, the dancer, otherwise known as Srimathi Leela Sokhey, has written a paper on the *Dance in India* in *Sound and Shadow*. She emphasizes the fact that to dance well, the technique of the art must first be mastered by good training and practise, especially the natural technique of the country represented. She also affirms that Indian dancing cannot well be exhibited by foreigners; " for, the development of different types of dancing has something to do with the differences in the physical build of different nations."

The ancient dances of India, which were originated by the Gods Siva and Krishna, and the Goddess Parvati, require several details of technique. The hands, the features, the gait and the feet must all be used in harmony. We are told that the Sanskrit text lays down rules, which can be as good now as in the days of long ago. The hands must be like the movements of fishes swimming in the pools. The gait must be like the gliding of a swan, or the quick animated movements of a fantail. " The body must be held like the body of a horse about to leap. The body, hands and arms must all have the suppleness of silk. The feeling of the dance must be like the ecstasy of the peacock when he dances before his mate. The eyes and head must follow the direction of the hands. The dancer must have that magnetic look which should be able to evoke and awaken Madan (passion). The dance should be such that pundits can enjoy and admire the perfection of the technique, and laymen who are not versed in the exact knowledge of the technique should, because of this perfection, be enthralled by the beauty of the dance, which could not possibly be beautiful if the technique were not perfect."

By neglect of the above rules, the dance has deteriorated in India and become aimless and lost its true value. Yet, it can be of immense use in the life of a nation, as seen by the life and vigour of folk dances. From such, much can be learnt, as well as from ancient paintings and sculpture.

Next to the technique, physical training is very necessary. " The dancer must acquire, first, a perfect control of every muscle in the body, poise, and balance and a perfect understanding of and a sense of rhythm. Every one who proposes to dance must go through a rigid course of physical training adapted to the dance. This is a requirement which is most easily forgotten and without which of course no one can ever hope to dance. A strict and prolonged course is most essential. Even when a certain amount of proficiency as a dancer has to be attained, the exercises must be a daily regime. Moreover, a good knowledge of the " Talams " (the time and the rhythm) of Indian music must be acquired. " It is therefore absolutely essential that there should be rhythm in the hands as well as in every other part of the body. No dancer should be content until he has achieved this, because in all dancing, especially in our dancing, the hands play such an important part. We have a very complete and comprehensive language of the hands and fingers. They are used in the *Kathaka* and *Kathakali* dances with purpose and meaning. Every *mudra* when used in the dance should form a part of the unity and flowing movement of that dance and should be led up to by suitable and strictly laid-down rules for the movement of the hands, body, neck, eyes and feet." There must also be learnt the "Choreography," or the science of the dance-pattern, which can control group-dances also.

Finally, we must go beyond all this and try to learn from other nations.

The dance is indeed something to be made much of. As Menaka says :—" It must have a solid basis. In fact it must be dance and must be judged as such and not as something peculiar and to be passed because it is Indian, however childish and idiotic it may be. It must express the life and emotions of our nation and not be mere ethnographic posturing. We have the richest of material to draw from. I have devoted my life to it and I want others, both men and women, to join me so that eventually we may form a marvellous group of earnest and serious workers and be able to produce a really worth while ballet."

# FASHION NOTES

Some of the new coiffures in Paris are interesting, because they partake a little of Indian fashions. The *Madras Mail* mentions one in which the hair is rolled on the nape of the neck, with a half-wreath of artificial flowers, re-calling our jessamine garlands. Sometimes, the roll can be narrow and run from under one ear to the other, with a cluster of flowers on one side. The only drawback seems to be that the hair is brushed back, without a parting. The latter style somehow does not seem to suit our costume. The parting, therefore, can be at the centre or it may be either very low, or slightly, on one side.

Another Indian custom, which is becoming the vogue in the West is bare legs and tinted toe-nails, as told us by *the Illustrated Weekly of India.* The only difference seems to be that stockings must be worn for lunch, but not dinner. But, since as in India, the legs are not hidden by long clothes, they have to be specially-treated, massaged, slimmed, lotioned, artificially sun-burnt, etc. Oh, the vagaries of fashion!

Is there romance in clothing? How can there be, when it was said at the recent meeting of the Drapers' Summer School at Oxford, that fashions are the result more or less of prices. Take the example of short skirts and scanty clothing. It was said by Mr. Jackson:—"I ask myself, whether the short skirts craze would have come into existence, if silk stockings had not been manufactured at a price attainable by the majority of women. I think not. Before the silk-stocking-age, women wore long skirts probably to hide ugly cotton stockings and still uglier legs. With the discovery of silk stockings, skirts got shorter and shorter, and with the cheap production of artificial silk *lingerie*, garments have become fewer and fewer."

In any case, the meagreness of clothing gives more chance for efficiency in business. This *is good*, but *should it not go as well with* attractiveness in costume? Or is it supposed to be more attractive to show as much of the body as possible? We, in India, naturally shudder when we think of the coming ages when nudity may become the fashion. Equally objectionable we feel will be tattooing, instead of paints and cosmetics, undesirable as the latter are!

SISTER SUSIE

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# OBSERVATIONS

## (1) Lady or Woman?

I was much amused the other day by a letter to the Editor of the *Madras Mail*, in which "Pro Bono Publico", deprecates the substitution of the title of "woman" for "lady", in some official post of the medical world. He thinks such a change will lower the dignity and self-respect of women in general. He forgets that women now in most places like to be called *women* rather than *ladies*. The very title of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* was once criticised in England as not right; it should have been, some said, the *Indian Woman's Magazine*. It is often only in certain classes and on certain occasions, that the terms *gentleman* and *lady* are still used.

After all, *lady* really is a descriptive term, meaning what a woman should really be, a lady in nature above all and therefore, it should be general. Times were, when the title was given only to women of high position; I think people like *Pro Bono Publico* have been led away by that idea, which is fostered still by the use of the title as a special term of honour for the wives of Knights, Lords etc.

Since *lady* then cannot be used generally, we should seek for another term as expressive; and I cannot think of anything better than *woman.* Why should a difference be made between women of different professions? For instance, will people call a working woman a lady,—a *lady sweeper*, a *lady cook*, a *lady ayah*, and so on? This is the age in which differences of caste and position are being obliterated. Why should such then be encouraged by titles? Indian women especially have shown that they

hate community differences. I am sure they will be the very first to like the humbler title better. There is no greater honour in "Lady-likeness" than in "Womanliness'; indeed the latter often embraces the former and is more worthy.

Here is what Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written about this same subject:

"Give us that grand word 'woman' once again,
And let's have done with 'lady': one's a term
Full of fine force, strong, beautiful, and firm,
Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen;
And one's a word for lackeys. One suggests
The Mother, Wife, and Sister! One the dame,
Whose costly robe, mayhap, gives her the name.
One word upon its own strength leans and rests;
The other minces tiptoe. Who would be
The perfect woman must grow brave of heart
And broad of soul to play her troubled part
Well in life's drama. While each day we see
The "perfect lady" skilled in what to do
And what to say, grace in each tone and act
('Tis taught in schools, but needs some native tact),
Yet narrow in her mind as in her shoe.
Give the first place then to the nobler phrase,
And leave the lesser word for lesser praise.

E. W. WILCOX

## (2) The dowry

The idea of dowry to a bride has been much mutilated. In ancient Indian writings, it was not meant to be a necessity for marriage, as alas, it very often now is.

"The gift of the dower does not make the girl wife. Again the good never bestow their daughters induced by the dowers that others may offer." "A wife should never be purchased; nor should a father sell his daughter."

Yet, "the practise of sale and purchase of the daughters has been known to human beings for a long time. There are innumerable faults in it. Only those simple persons, who are possessed by cupidity and who sell and purchase female slaves for making them servants, consider the relation of wife as capable of originating from the gift and acceptance of dower."

In ancient days, however, the dower was more given for the girl than with the girl, as can be inferred from the following: "That maiden, for whom nothing is taken by her kinsmen in the form of dower, cannot be said to be sold."

## (3) Go-to-Meetingers

In every country and in every race, we find people who love to attend meetings. *The Manchester Guardian*, quoted in the Hindu, mentions some of these in a humourous way, while at the same time giving them their due share of praise for being the real backbone of councils and conferences. What would these latter do without their faithful attendants? The go-to-meetingers are usually in England at least, rather elderly people, the men having retired from service and business, and the women not caring to partake in bridge or games, or even to watch sport. "As a rule they have a certain intellectual standing, a good deal of spare time and a wardrobe equal to the demands made upon it."

These people are those who stand by, when there is not much chance of a good audience for worthy speeches. "They can be trusted to 'look all right', they can be trusted to show an intelligent interest during the speeches, to applaud in those intervals when the speaker loses his place in his manuscript, to keep conversation going if it languishes while tea is being handed, and to bring in recruits. They will never worry the secretary and committee with complaints and idle questions; they will make the thing go."

## (4) Precious stones

A very interesting article in the *Illustrated Weekly of India* tells us that man has taken from the earth nearly 29 tons weight of diamonds (un-cut); this would fill a receptacle 3 ft. x 6 ft. x ft., and give a market value of £ 1,000,000,000. These stones thus form only a small portion of the crust of the earth, and their value is more or less fixed and lasting. A diamond has to be perfectly cut with 32 facets above the girdle, and 24 below; but, before cutting, the worth of the diamond has to be known. There are many ordinary tests, which can be applied. We know that a file will not scratch a real diamond. Again, a diamond under water never loses its brilliancy and a drop of water on a diamond will keep its shape. Another test is to see through a diamond. A black dot behind a real gem will be blurred or

multiplied. Experts have other tests. Some of them can find a diamond's worth by merely breathing on it. It must be "pure, faultless and transparent; and it answers this description if it is free from what jewellers term ashes, grey spots, rusty or knotty places, veins, fissures, scratches, feathers, flaws, sand, grain, and yellow or blue spots."

Diamonds are of three "waters." After cutting, they become *Brilliants*, which have an octagonal face, "surrounded with smaller facets;" *Rose diamonds*, "which have a flat base, surmounted by two rows of triangular facets, with the uppermost row terminating in a point;" or *Table diamonds*, "which are thin stones cut with triangular facets."

There are several well-known diamonds. The largest, we are told. was the *Culliman* discovered in the Transvaal, and weighing 1 1/3 lbs—later split up into smaller stones. *The Kohinoor* as Miss Abbott tells us, according to the *Illustrated Weekly*, is world-famous. Given to Queen Victoria by the East India Company in 1850, it is meant to be worn only by a queen, and more as a personal ornament; for the belief is that "should Koh-i-nor ever be worn by a man-ruler of Great Britain, India would be lost to the British empire." *The Darya-i-nor* is one of the Persian Crown jewels, stolen from a Hindu temple in Persia, and sold to Prince Orloff. The *Sancy* diamond first belonged to Charles the Bold of Burgundy, was lost and discovered and sold to a French nobleman; was borrowed by Henry III of France as a pledge; became the property of James II of England and was taken to France, when he went there. It was later acquired by a Russian Grand Duke, and at last has become the property of the Maharajah of Patiala.

*Rubies* also are valued stones. Some are regarded as talismans against all evils, especially what is called the *Brahmin ruby*. Queen Victoria had some valuable rubies, one of which had the name of Jehangir on it; and another was given her by the Maharani of Cooch-Behar.

*Pearls* make lovely jewels. The biggest come from North Australia and the Paumotu in the South Pacific; though the largest quantities come from the Persian Gulf. One of the best collection of pearls belongs to the Maharajah Gaikwar of Baroda, whose best necklace has seven strings of 280 pearls, worth over half-a-million sterling.

*Emeralds* are supposed to be dedicated to Venus, and so were associated with the "love passion." They were moreover credited with the "power to sharpen the wits, quicken the intelligence and make their possessors economical."

*Amber* is not a precious gem, but is very valued. The Empress Marie Lousie, Napoleon's second wife, had a lovely neck-lace of it.

*Coral* is esteemed partly for its "mysterious properties," and is valued in Oriental rosaries of prayer. It is greatly used also in Italy.

MAITHILI

# HOUSEHOLD HINTS

## I. Fragrant Rooms

Oriental households are usually understood by Westerners to be pervaded by the scent of incense, and when such homes are represented in Cinemas or on the stage, there is always to be seen the smoke of incense curling upwards, thus lending an extra glamour to the exotic and luxurious atmosphere created by the producer. Indian homes in truth, very often have Joss sticks burning in corners. This fragrance is liked by some, and violently disliked by others. Other homes have the scent of *attar* used by women, or other perfumes which are placed between saris to give them fragrance. Then again, the smell of roses or Jasmins, or rose water, often permeates an Indian household.

Houses in the West do not usually cater to any peculiar fragrance; but I have come across an interesting article written by H. L. in the "Ceylon Observer", on "the Fragrant Room," in which it is said that some rooms have a particular fragrance of their own which may possibly be traced to the cushions which may have had a handful of lavender mixed with the feathers when they were made, or perhaps a bag of powdered orris-root had been slipped in. Dried rose petals also give a pleasant aroma,

*Pot-pourri* is rather inclined to err on the sickly side, says the writer; but a wad of cotton wool in a pot-pourri jar with a perforated cover, saturated from time to time with essence of scented Geranium-leaf or oil of lavender, is very refreshing.

## II. The sick room

In India, many patients dread going to the hospital, and prefer to be nursed at home. No doubt, their choice is correct in many cases; for, as long as the nursing is good, no better place can be found for a patient than his or her own home.

Carelessness very often prevails in Indian households, however, in the matter of allowing too many visitors to talk to the patient. In some cases, those in charge of the sick person are merely lax, and think no harm will be done; and in other cases, the person in authority is afraid of offending the visitor, and therefore, at the risk of allowing his patient to become worse, permits endless visitors to pour in from morning till evening.

I know of one case where the number of visitors and relations thronging the bedside of a sick man proved fatal. In vain did the doctor try to turn them out.

"The Manchester Guardian" recently published an article on "Nursing in the home", which ought to be of great help to Indian women wishing to become efficient nurses in their house- holds.

The nurse should be strict regarding the admittance of visitors, and if the disease is infectious, all visitors should be prohibited. Not more than two visitors should be allowed at a time, and the nurse should be present when they are in the sick room.

Visitors should not give food to the patient, and they should not sit on the bed, or stand over the patient. They should sit in a place where the sick person can see, hear and talk to them without strain. If asleep, a visitor should not wake the patient, and the routine of a nurse's duty should not be sacrificed to please a friend.

PADDY

# COOKERY NOTES

### Orange Pudding

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| 1 cup sugar, | 1 cup orange juice and grated rind; |
| 1 cup milk, | |
| 4 egg yolks, well beaten, | 4 egg whites, beaten, or, |
| ½ pkg. lemon gelatine, | 1 cup whipped cream. |

Mix together the sugar, milk and egg yolks and cook until the sugar is dissolved and the mixture thickened just enough to coat a silver spoon. Remove from the heat and stir in the lemon gelatine (if this is not available, you can use ¾ tablespoon plain gelatine softened in 2 tablespoons cold water.) Stir until gelatine is all dissolved, and set in a cool place until the mixture begins to harden. Beat well, add orange juice, orange rind and the egg whites or whipped cream. Turn into a mould and chill thoroughly before serving.

### Eggs with Bananas

Select a firm banana, slice it into hot butter in a frying pan. Have the slices close together so that they cover the bottom of the pan. Break two eggs on top of the banana slices, taking care not to break the yolks. Salt to taste, cover the pan closely and cook over a slow fire for from three to five minutes. Then turn off fire and steam for a few minutes longer. The steam loosens the banana from the bottom of pan and allows it to slip easily into a hot platter. The eggs look and taste like poached eggs.—

### Eggs Louisiana

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| 1 cup condensed tomato soup, | ½ cup peas, |
| | 2 tablespoons butter, |
| ¾ cup cold water, | 1 small onion, |
| 1 cup stale bread crumbs, | 4 eggs, |
| | Grated cheese. |

Mix tomato soup with water and pour over the peas. Melt the butter in a frying pan and cook the onion, diced fine, in it. Add the bread crumbs and brown slightly. Spread the onion and crumbs over the other mixture and break the eggs on the top. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and grated cheese and bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are set.—

*From the Parents' Magazine*

# Is not woman superior to man ?

# ஆணைப் பார்க்கிலும் பெண் சிறந்தவளன்றோ ?

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தற்காலத்தில் ஸ்திரீயின் சுதந்தரத்தைக் குறித்தும், அவள் இந்திய சமுதாயத்தில் நிற்கவேண்டிய நிலையைக்குறித்தும், விசாரணை செய்யப்பட்டு வருகிறது. ஒரு கக்ஷிக்காரர் ஸ்திரீயும் புருஷனும் ஒரே வரம்புடையவரென்கிறார்கள். வேறு சிலர், ஸ்திரீ புருஷனுக்கு கீழ்ப்பட்டவளென்கிறார்கள். ஆகவே இந்தியாவிலுள்ள சகல மார்க்கங்களையும் ஆராயுமிடத்து தற்காலத்திலும், கடந்த காலத்திலும், இனி வருங்காலத்திலும், புருஷனைப்பார்க்கிலும் ஸ்திரீயே சிறந்தவளென்று ஏற்படுகிறது.

புருஷன் ஸ்திரீ யென்னும் இரு வகுப்பினருக்குள்ளும், புருஷனே சிறந்தவனென்றெண்ணும் தப்பான அபிப்பிராயத்தை நாமகற்றவேண்டும். கிறிஸ்து வேதத்தில் ஆதியாகமம் **1. 27**-ல் ஆணுக்கும் பெண்ணுக்கும் உற்பத்தி ஒன்றே என்று கூறியிருக்கிறது. "தேவன் மனுஷனை தமது சாயலாகவே சிருஷ்டித்தார்; ஆணும் பெண்ணுமாக அவர்களைச் சிருஷ்டித்தார்." இவ்விடத்தில் மனுஷனென்னும் வார்த்தை பெண்ணையும் குறிக்கிறது.

பரிசுத்த கோரானிலும் இவ்விதமாகவே கூறப்பட்டிருக்கிறது. பழுதற்றவளும், அழகுவாய்ந்தவளும், சகலவித பிராணிகளுக்குள்ளும் சிறப்புற்றதுமாயுள்ள அமைப்புள்ளவைகளைக்கொண்டு ஆதிப்பெண்ணை பிரம்மா சிருஷ்டித்தான் என்று மஹாபாரதம் கூறுகிறது. மனுதர்ம நூலில் ஸ்திரீயின் வாய் அநேகமாய் ஸ்பஷ்டமானதென்றும் அது ஓடும் ஜலத்துக்கும் சூரிய கிரணங்களுக்கும் ஒப்பாயிருக்கிறதென்றும் கூறப்பட்டிருக்கிறது.

ஸ்திரீகளை கனப்படுத்த வேண்டுமென்றே சகல மார்க்கங்களும் வற்புறுத்துகின்றன 1. தீமோத்தேயு 5. 2ஐ பார்க்க. "முதிர் வயதுள்ள ஸ்திரீகளை தாய்களைப்போல கனம் பண்ணு." பரிசுத்த கோரானில் **ஆல்நிசா** என்னும் அதிகாரத்தின் துவக்கத்தில் "நீங்கள் பிராத்திக்கும் அல்லாவையும், இரண்டாவது ஸ்திரீகளையும் பயபக்தியுடன் கனம்பண்ணுங்கள்" என்று கூறியிருக்கிறது. இதன் மூலமாய் ஸ்திரீகள் கடவுளுக்கு இரண்டாவதாக கோரான் கூறுவதைக் கவனிக்கவும். யோக்கியன், ஸ்திரீகளை மதிக்கிறான். அயோக்கியனே அவர்களை அவமதிக்கிறான். ஆனபடியால், ஸ்திரீகளை ஒருவன் நடத்துகிற விஷயத்தில் ஒருவனுடைய யோக்கியா யோக்கியதை நன்கு விளங்கும். ஒரு ஸ்திரீயைப்பற்றி தீமைபேசுவது தீது என்று எண்ணப்படுகிறது. கற்புள்ள ஸ்திரீயைப்பற்றி தீது பேசினவர்கள் நான்கு சாக்ஷிகளைக் கொண்டு வராவிட்டால், 80 அடிகள் அடிக்கப்படுவதோடு அவர்கள் வாக்குமூலத்தை நம்பலாகாது.

ஸ்திரீகள் அடைந்திருக்கும் கண்ணியதைகளைக் குறித்து, திரண்ட உதாரணங்களை இந்து சமயத்தில் காணலாம். ஒருவன் ஒரு மாதுவை சந்தித்தால் அவளை சகோதரியென்றெண்ணி, வயோதிபருக்கும் குருவுக்கும், இராஜ குமாரனுக்கும், மாப்பிள்ளைக்கும் வழிவிடுகிறதுபோல் அவளுக்கு மறியல்செய்யாது வழிவிடவேண்டும். உபசரணை விஷயத்தில் கர்ப்பிணிகள், கலியாணப் பெண்கள், பால்ய ஸ்திரீகள் முதலியவரை முதல் விசாரித்தபின்னர், மற்ற விருந்தினரை கவனிக்க வேண்டுமென்று இந்துப்பிரமாணிகளுள் சிகாமணிபோல் துலங்

கும், **மனு**, கூறுகின்றார். (கல்வி, சித்ரம். 12) பகையாளியின் கூட்டத்தை சேர்ந்தவராயினும், பெண்ணென்றால் யாவரும் மதிக்கவேண்டும். புருஷர்களுக்கு தங்கள் மனைவிகளினால் அதிக பிரயோஜனம் உண்டாகிறதென்று எல்லா சமயங்களும் ஒத்துக்கொள்கின்றன.

கிறிஸ்து சமயத்தில் 1 கொரிந்தியர் 7-ல் "மனைவியானவள் புருஷனுக்கு கனத்தைக் கொண்டுவருகிறாள்" என்றும், நீதிமொழிகள் 12. 4-ல் "கற்புள்ள மனைவி தன் புருஷனுக்கு கிரீடமாயிருக்கிறாள்" என்றும் எழுதியிருக்கிறது. அதாவது கற்புள்ளவள் புருஷனைக் காட்டிலும் குணமேம்பாடுள்ளவளென்று தெரிய வருகிறது.

"இஸ்லாம் மார்க்கம் எல்லா ஆசீர்வாதத்தையும் தரும்; அதற்கப்புறம் ஒரு நல்ல மனைவியைப்போன்ற ஆசீர்வாதம் வேறொன்றுமில்லை" என்று காலிப் ஓமார் சொல்லுகிறார். ஆபு சுலேய்மான் என்பவரும் "ஒரு நல்ல மனைவி வீட்டிற்கு வெளிச்சமாயிருக்கிறாள், லக்ஷ்மியாயிருக்கிறாள்" என்று சொல்லுகிறார். சுருக்கிச்சொன்னால் அவள் ஒரு தேவதை, அவள் ஒரு வீட்டிற்குள் சூரிய காந்தியையும், வெளிச்சத்தையும், பரவச்செய்கிறாள். ஒவ்வொரு புருஷனும் தன் மனையாளைக் கனப்படுத்த வேண்டியது கடமையென்று இந்துமார்க்கம் கற்பிக்கிறது. மனுதர்ம நூல் அதி. 3. வச. 55-ல் "ஒரு நல்ல மனைவியை புருஷன் கனப்படுத்த வேண்டியது அவசியம்" என்று கூறியிருக்கிறது.

இனி நாம் கவிகள் கூறுவதை கவனிப்போம். **மில்டன்** என்பவர் பரிசுத்தம், தெய்வீகம், நன்மை, நல்லொழுக்கம், இன்பம், யாவும் ஸ்திரீயிடமே ஒன்றாய் அமைந்துள்ளன என்றும், சிருஷ்டிப்பில் எல்லாவற்றிலும் அழகு வாய்ந்ததும் ஸ்திரீயே என்றும் பாடுகின்றார். "சிருஷ்டிப்பின் அழகே! நீ கடவுளின் சிருஷ்டிப்பில் உசிதமானவளே! காட்சியிலோ மனதிலோ தோன்றக்கூடிய யாவற்றிலும் சிறப்புற்று நிற்பவளே! பரிசுத்தமே, தெய்வீகமே வசிக்கும் இன்பமே!" என்று விஸ்தரிக்கிறார்.

**தாமஸ் ஆட்வே** என்பவர் ஸ்திரீகளின் உயர்வைக்குறித்துப் பேசுகிறார். அவள் மனுஷனைப் பயிர்சிக்கவும், அவனை சாந்திப்பண்ணவும் ஸ்திரீ அமைக்கப்பட்டிருக்கிறார்கள் என்று நம்புகிறார். "ஓ ஸ்திரீயே! அழகு மணியே! மனுஷரை சாந்திபண்ணவன்றோ கடவுள் உன்னைப் படைத்தார். நீ இல்லாவிடில் நாங்கள் மிருகங்களே. தூதர்கள் அழகாக சித்திரிக்கப் படுவது உன் அழகைக் கண்டுதானே" என்று பாடுகிறார். புருஷர்களில் பெலசாலிகள் என்று சொல்லப்பட்டவர்களுங்கூட, ஸ்திரீகளைப் பார்க்கும்போது வெட்கித் தலைகுனிகின்றார்" என்கிறார்.

பராக்கிரம சாலிகளான புருஷர்களையும் கோழைகளாக மாற்றுவதில் ஓ ஸ்திரீகளே நீங்கள் தவறமாட்டீர்களென்பது உங்களுக்கே தெரியும். எங்களுடைய அடிமைத்தனத்தை எவ்வளவாக மறைக்க முயன்றாலும் ஸ்திரீ ஜாதியே எங்களை இன்னமும் ஆளுகை செய்கிறாள்" என்று **தாமஸ் மூர்** என்பவர் ஸ்திரீகளின் அதிகார குணத்தைக் குறித்துக் கூறுகின்றார். ஒரு ஆணின் விருப்பம் ஒன்றிருக்க, ஒருபெண் தான் கொண்டதையே செய்வாள் என்று ஒரு பழக்கச் சொல்லுண்டு. ஸ்திரீகளும், நாய்களும் சண்டை மூட்டுவதில் சமர்த்துடையவர்களென்று, ஒரு ரோம பழமொழியுண்டு. புருஷர் உலகத்தையாண்டாலும், அவர்களை யாளுகிறவர்கள் ஸ்திரீகளே யென்றும் ஓர் பழமொழியுண்டு. ஸ்திரீகள் எல்லாவற்றையும் செய்து முடிக்கக்கூடும். ஏனெனில் அரசுபுரிகிற புருஷர் ஆளுகை செய்யும் திறமை இவர்களுக்குண்டு என்கிற ஒரு பிராஞ்சிய பழமொழியுண்டு. பெலத்திலும் சகிப்பிணையிலும், ஆகார விஷயத்திலும், இன்னும் அநேக காரியங்களிலும் ஸ்திரீகள், புருஷரைவிட மேம்பாடுடையவர்களென்று ஒரு சமஸ்கிருத ஸ்லோகம் கூறுகிறது. ஸ்திரீகள் காதல் செய்யும் தேவதூதர்களென்று, ஷேக்ஸ்பியர் சொல்லுகிறார். மேற்காட்டியிருக்கும் மேற்கோள்கள் புருஷரைக் காட்டிலும் ஸ்திரீ, உயர்ந்தவள் யென்று காட்டுகிறதல்லவா?

ஸ்திரீ லக்ஷணங்களை, பெண்கள் களையலாகாது. அவர்கள், புருஷருடைய ஆன்மாக்களை பாதுகாக்கும், காவலாளர். "அன்பற்ற மிருகம், அல்லது உணர்ச்சியற்ற யந்திரமாய் மாற்றப்படாதபடி, புருஷரைக்காக்கும், இரக்ஷகர்கள் பெண்மக்களே" என்று, **ஷேக். எம். கே. கிட்வாய்** என்பவர் "ஸ்திரீ" என்னும் புஸ்தகத்தில் கூறியுள்ளார்.

எக்குணங்களில் ஸ்திரீ மேம்பாடுள்ளவளாய் நிற்கின்றாள்? ஸ்திரீகளின் பதவியே தங்கள் தேசத்தின் உயர்வைக்காட்டும் அறிகுறி யென்கிற சத்தியம், சில விஷயங்களில் அவளுடைய மேன்மையைக் காட்டுகிறது. அபிவிர்த்தி, நாகரீகம் என்னும் ரதங்கள் ஓட்டும் சாரதிகள் ஸ்திரீகளாயிருக்கின்றனர். தேசம் முன்னேற்றமடைய வேண்டுமாயின் ஸ்திரீகள் முதல் முன்னேற்றமடையவேண்டும். அவ்வாறே ஸ்திரீகள் பின்னடைந்தால் அவர்கள் தேசமும் பின்னடையும்.

ஒரு தேசத்தின் வாழ்வுக்கும் தாழ்வுக்கும் ஸ்திரீயே காரணம் ஒரு குழந்தையை அதின் தாயார் ராஜாவாக்கலாம், அல்லது முட்டாளாக ஆக்கலாம். தற்காலத்திய பெண்களே இனிமேல் புருஷர்களின் விவரங்களை நடப்பிப்பவர்கள். ஆணை உயர்த்துபவளும் அவளே, தாழ்த்துபவளும் அவளே. குழந்தை கர்ப்பத்திலிருக்கும்போதே தாயானவள் அக்குழந்தைக்கு சகல நல்ல தீய வழக்கங்களை உண்டாக்கக்கூடிய வல்லமை உண்டு. அபிமன்யூ கர்ப்பத்திலிருக்கும்போதே சக்கர வியூகத்துள் போகும் மார்க்கத்தை பழகினானன்றோ? பிறக்க சில மாதங்களிருக்கும்போதே வீரதீரங்களை அறிவிக்கும் முதற்பாடங்களைப் பழகினானன்றோ. கிரேக்க ரோம வீரர்களைபற்றிய பாட்டுகளை அவனுடைய தாயார் பாடி, நெப்போலியனுக்கு வீரவைராக்கியத்தை உண்டுபண்ணினாள். பத்திய நூற்றாண்டிலுள்ள ஸ்திரீகளை சந்தோஷப்படுத்த ஏற்படுத்திய அநேக வேடிக்கை காட்சிகளில் புருஷர்கள் தங்கள் திறமையைக் காட்டும்படியாக ஸ்திரீகளே கட்டளையிடுவார்கள்.

சரித்திரமும் அனுபவமும் எதைக் காண்பிக்கிறதென்றால் பராக்ரம சாலிகளான புருஷர்கள் தங்கள் மனைவிகளின் ஆட்டுங் கருவிகளாக இருந்திருக்கிறார்களென்பதைக் குறித்தே. ஜஹான்கீர் என்னும் சக்கரவர்த்தி தான் ஒரு கோப்பை திராட்சரசத்துக்காக தன்னைத் தன் மனைவிக்கு விற்றுப்போட்டதாக எழுதியிருக்கிறான். தூதர்களுங்கூட ஸ்திரீகளின் முன் தலைகுனிந்து வணக்கமாய் நிற்கின்றார். யமனோடு செய்த போராட்டத்தில் சாவித்திரி ஜெயம் பெற்றாளன்றோ? வைத்திய விஷயமாய் பார்க்கும்போது, ஸ்திரீ ஜாதியே பெரும்பான்மையாய் நிலைவரமுள்ளது. அவர்களுக்குள்ளே மரணத்துக்கேதுவான வியாதிகள் அதிகமாய் இல்லாததினாலே அவர்கள் நீண்ட ஆயுளுள்ளவர்களாயிருக்கிறார்கள். உலக முழுவதும் எடுத்த ஜனசங்கியை இது சத்தியமென உறுதிப்படுத்துகிறது. சில விஷயங்களில் ஒரு ஸ்திரீயின் சரீர கூறுபாடு புருஷனுடைய கூறுபாட்டைவிட சிறந்தது. 33 வயதுள்ள ஒரு மனுஷனுடைய தசையில் 100-க்கு 30.6 வீதமான கொழுப்பிருக்கிறது. ஆனால் 22 வயதுள்ள பெண்ணுக்கு 44.1 வீதம் கொழுப்பு உண்டு. அதனால்தான் அவள் அதிக வியாதிகளையும், சோதனைகளையும் மேற்கொள்ளும் திறமையை உடையவளாயிருக்கிறாள். உலகத்தில் ஆண்களைப் போல் பெண்கள் கொலைசெய்யவும், திருடவும், குடிக்கவும், வெறிக்கவும், கொள்ளையடிக்கவும் அதிகமாய்ப் போகிறதில்லை. சிறைச்சாலைகளைப் பார்ப்போம். பெண் கைதிகளதிகமா? ஆண் கைதிகளதிகமா? தொண்டை வியாதி, நெஞ்சு பலவீனம், இருமல் இவை ஆண்களுக்குத்தான் அதிகமாய் வரும் நெடுங்காலம் வேலை செய்யவும், எதையும் சகிக்கவும், எதிர்த்து நிற்கவும் அவர்களுக்கு பெலனுண்டு. ஹிஸ்டீரியா என்னும் வலிநோய், பெண்கள் சுயாதினமடைந்து வருவதனால் குறைந்துவிட்டது. உள்ளும் புறம்பும் ஸ்திரீயின்மேல் விதிக்கப்பட்டிருக்கும் புத்தியீனமான கட்டுப்பாடுகளுக்கு அவள் எதிர்த்து போராடும்போது ஹிஸ்டீரியா உண்டாகும். அவளுக்கு கொடுக்கவேண்டிய சுயாதீனத்தை புருஷர் கொடுக்கும்போது அவ்வியாதி குறைந்துவிடும் என்று ஒருவர் சொல்லுகிறார்:—(இன்னும் வரும்)

Translated by Mrs. Asirvatham

کہ قوم کی آراستگی کی پہچان اوس قوم کی نسوانی ترقی پر مبنی ہے اور یہی وجہ ہے کہ مرد پر عورت کو ترجیح دی جاتی ہے۔ مرد عورت کا رہینِ منت اس وقت سے ہوجاتا ہے جبکہ وہ شکمِ مادر میں جاگزین ہوتا ہے۔ عورت تہذیب و ترقی کا رتھ خود ہانکتی ہے اس کی یہی دلیل ہے کہ جس ملک کی عورتیں شائستہ ہیں وہ ملک بھی شائستہ اور ترقی کے زینے پر نظر آئے گا اور جس ملک کی عورتیں پسپا ہونگی وہ ملک بھی ہمیشہ پسپا اور عالمِ نزول میں سسکیاں لیتا رہیگا۔ جہاں کوئی بچہ ہوا اوسکو بادشاہ بنانے کی طاقت عورت کے ہاتھ ہے۔ اور اس کو نکما اور احمق بنا دینا بھی اسی ہستی کا ادنیٰ کمال ہے۔ میدانِ جنگ میں مرد کو جوش و مسرت کی ضرورت ہے وہ عورت کا خیال اور اُس کے اُبھارنے والے الفاظ مہیا کر سکتے ہیں۔ اگر بہ غور دیکھا جائے تو بہت سی مثالیں بہم ہونگی۔ جن کی وجہ دنیا پر روشن ہوجائیگی کہ عورتوں نے مردوں کو بہادر بنایا۔ علم سیکھنے کی ترغیب دی جس کی وجہ وہ یکتائے زمانہ بنے رہے۔ اُنھوں نے مردوں کو وہ جوش دلائے جس سے مرد وں ہیں۔ عالم۔ ملا۔ ڈاکٹر۔ بادشاہ وغیرہ ہستیاں ظہور میں آئیں۔ طب سے بھی ثابت ہے کہ عورتوں کا مادۂ احساس بہ نسبت مردوں کے زیادہ پاک ہے چونکہ ان میں۔ قزاق۔ چور۔ قاتل۔ بادہ خوار ایسی ہستیاں بہت کم میسر ہونگی۔ اولالعزمی اور جفاکشی میں عورتوں کا شمار مردوں کے برابر ہے۔ چونکہ ان میں بھی حکمران۔ بہادر۔ کیمیاگر۔ صوفی۔ شاعر راہبر۔ استاد اور ولی گذرے ہیں۔ دیکھو سوانحِ عمری وکٹوریہ۔ الزبیتھ۔ رضیا بیگم۔ چاند بی بی۔ اہلیہ بائی۔ نورجہاں ممتاز۔ زیب النساء وغیرہ۔ موجودہ زمانے میں اس بات کا کافی فیصلہ کر دیا گیا ہے کہ بچوں کی تعلیم میں بہ نسبت مرد کے عورت زیادہ موزوں استاد بنتی ہے۔ آج یورپ میں جتنے پرائمری مدرسہ ہیں اُن کے اساتذہ خواتین ہیں۔ اس کا سبب یہی بتلایا جاتا ہے کہ جوں جوں عمر ترقی کرنے لگتی ہے مردوں کے ذہن سے عالمِ طفولیت کے احساس بالکل مفقود ہوجاتے ہیں۔ لیکن عورتوں کی فطرت ہی ایسی ہوتی ہے کہ طفولیت کے احساس کا اثر رگ و ریشہ میں پیوست ہوکر عمرِ طبعی میں بھی زائل ہونے نہیں پاتے۔ ہاں جسکی وجہ بچوں کے زود فہم ذرائع کا علم عورتوں کو زیادہ تر حاصل ہے۔ غرض عورت کسی حالت میں بھی مرد سے کم نہیں ہوسکتی۔

مترجم


خواتین کو بیدار مغز بنانے اور ان میں شائستگی پیدا کرنے اور اعلیٰ درجہ کی علمی ادبی اور خانگی تعلیم دینے کا بہترین ذریعہ

## انڈین لیڈیز میگزین (دو ماہی رسالہ) ہے

جو مسز کے سیتا نادم صاحبہ یم' اے' کے زیرِ اہتمام ہر دو ماہ میں ایک دفع شایع ہوتا ہے۔ قدیم سے یہ رسالہ صرف انگریزی میں چھپا کرتا تھا۔ لیکن اڈیٹر صاحبہ کی جانفشانی سے اس میں اردو۔ اروی۔ تلگو اور ملیالم مضامین بھی شایع ہوتے ہیں جسکی وجہ سے یہ رسالہ بہت شاندار ہو چکا ہے اور مضامین بھی اعلیٰ ہیں۔ آج ہی اسکے خریدار ہوجائیے اور احباب کو بھی اس کی ترغیب دلائیے۔

جملہ مضامین انگریزی و زبانِ دیسی لطیفے۔ افسانے۔ اور مختلف نسخہ جات۔ سلائی۔ پکائی۔ کشیدہ وغیرہ اور دیگر خط و کتابت اڈیٹر صاحبہ انڈین لیڈیز میگزین۔ لسمائیل ہارنگٹن روڈ چیٹ پٹ مدراس کے پتہ پر روانہ فرمائیں۔

چندہ سالانہ اندرونِ ہند ۳/۸ - بیرونِ ہند ۴/- - فی پرچہ ۹ نو آنے۔



مطبوعہ شاہی پریس مدراس

# درجۂ نسواں

(مولفہ پرتی چند بھاٹیا - ترجمہ مضمون انگریزی رسالۂ گذشتہ)

خواتین کے حقوق اور ان کا درجہ مردوں کے مساوی ہیں یا کم۔ یہ سوال آج ہر طبقہ میں زیر بحث ہے۔ کوئی فرقہ خاتون کو اس رشتہ میں مرد کے مساوی متصور کرتا ہے اور کوئی کم۔ لیکن حقیقت حال قابل غور ہے۔ ہندوستان کے جملہ مذاہب اس بات کی تسلیم کرتے ہیں کہ عورت بہ نسبت مرد کے زیادہ قابلِ قدر ہے۔ سچ پوچھو تو دنیا میں اشرف المخلوقات صرف مرد ہی نہیں ہو سکتے بلکہ عورتیں بھی۔ انجیل میں بھی جتنی ہدائتیں ہوئی ہیں وہ سب انسان سے مخاطب ہیں اور انسان سے مراد مرد اور عورت ہر دو بھی ہیں۔ قرآن مجید میں بھی عورت اشرف البنیاد ہونے کی دلیل سورۃ النسا میں موجود ہے۔ اسی پارے میں عورت کی تعظیم و تکریم کی تفصیلاً ہدایت خدائے تعالیٰ نے دی ہے۔ یہ سورہ وہی سرچشمہ کہا جا سکتا ہے جس کی بدولت سارا یورپ فیضیاب ہو چکا ہے۔ عورت کی قدر کرنے کی ہدایت جب خدا ہی کر چکا ہے تو پھر کون اس پر اعتراض کر سکتا ہے۔ حضرت پیغمبرِ خدا نے فرماتے ہیں کہ وہی مرد عورتوں کی تعظیم و قدر کر سکتا ہے جو نیک بخت اور صالح ہے اور وہی ان کی تحقیر کریگا جو بدنفس ہو۔ مرد کے حق میں عورت کی غیبت کرنا بھی گناہ سے کم نہیں۔ قرآنِ مجید میں آیا ہے کہ جو کوئی کسی عورت پر تہمت لگائے وہ اُس کی تائید میں چار گواہ پیش کرے ورنہ اُس جرم کی سزا میں اسّی تازیانے لگائے جائیں۔ اور کبھی ان کی گواہی پر ایمان نہ لایا جائے۔

ہندوؤں کی مقدس کتاب مہابھارت بھی خواتین کے بارے میں جو قانون رکھتی ہے اس سے پایا جاتا ہے کہ اُس مذہب میں بھی عورت کا درجہ مرد سے بڑھ کر ہے۔ ہندو دھرم میں منو کا حکم ہے کہ جب کوئی کسی خاتون کو مخاطب کرتا ہو تو ہمشیرہ کہکر مخاطب کرے اگر راستہ پر کوئی خاتون گزر رہی ہو تو اس کی ویسی ہی تعظیم کی جائے جیسے کہ کسی پیر مرد۔ کوئی پیشوا۔ کوئی شہزادہ یا کوئی نوشاہ کی تعظیم کی جاتی ہے۔ جب کوئی مہمان نوازی پر کمر باندھے تو حاضرانِ مجلس میں پہلے خواتین کی مہمان نوازی کی جائے خواہ اس میں اپنے مخالفین کی عورتیں بھی شامل ہوں۔

عیسائی مذہب میں علانیہ بتلایا جاتا ہے کہ خواتین مرد کی عظمت ہیں اور نیکبخت عورت مرد کے سر کا تاج ہے بہت سے نامی گرامی فلاسفر بھی اس رائے کی تائید کرتے ہیں۔ ملٹن کا قول ہے کہ عورت نفس نفیس ہونے کے وجہ سے وہ ایک مجسمہ خوبی۔ رحمتی فرشتہ محبوب القلوب اور تجربہ کار تصویر ہوا کرتی ہے۔ اسی نے عورت کو احسن المخلوق کا نام بھی دیا ہے۔ تھامس آڑوے کا خیال ہے کہ عورت صرف اس لحاظ سے پیدا کی گئی ہے کہ وہ مرد کو نیک کام کی ترغیب دے اور اس کے دل میں رحم پیدا کرے۔ کسی فرنچ فلاسفر کا قول ہے کہ مرد مجسم ارادہ ہے تو عورت اسی ارادے کا مجسم طریقہ ہے۔

حضرت عمر فاروق رضؓ کا قول ہے کہ دنیا میں مرد کے لئے ایمان کے بعد اگر کوئی نعمتِ عظمیٰ ہے تو وہ نیکبخت عورت ہے۔

حضرت ابو سلمان رضؓ سے روایت ہے کہ نیک عورت صرف دنیاوی نعمت نہیں بلکہ نعمتِ عقبیٰ بھی ہوا کرتی ہے۔ وہ ہر گھر کا اُجالا ہے اور برکت اور دولت کا باعث بھی وہی ہستی ہے۔ شیخ خدائی فرماتے ہیں کہ عورت مرد کے روح کی پاسبان ہوتی ہے وہ مرد کو برائیوں سے محفوظ رکھتی ہے۔ اور بغیر عورت کی ہستی کے مرد کے جذبات احساس اور ارادے بے سود ہوتے ہیں۔ اتنا سننے کے بعد اس بات کی تصدیق ہوتی ہے کہ عورت کی قدر و منزلت میں کچھ راز پنہاں ہے۔ اس راز کی سب سے اچھی مثال یہی ہو سکتی ہے